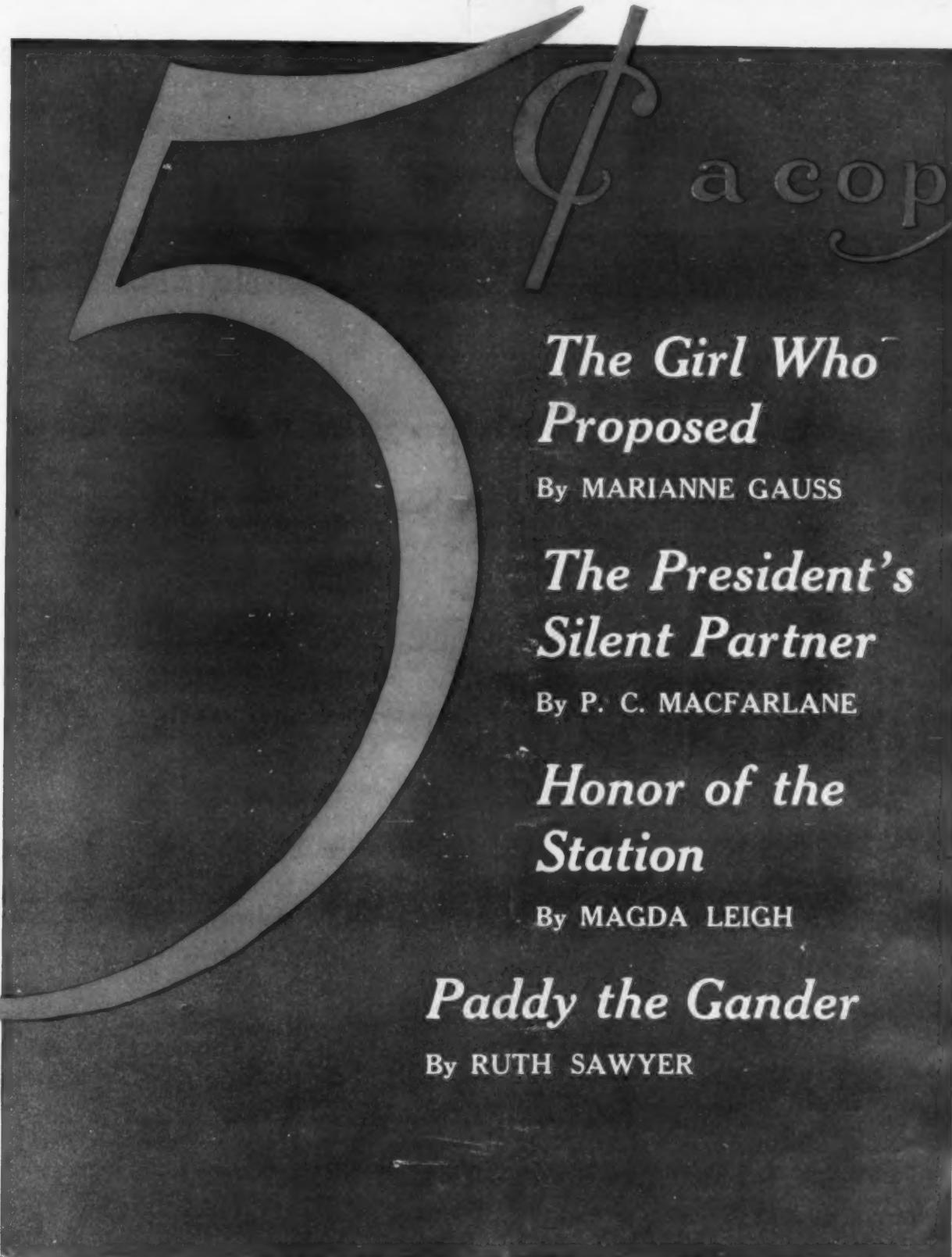


Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



5¢ a copy

*The Girl Who
Proposed*

By MARIANNE GAUSS

*The President's
Silent Partner*

By P. C. MACFARLANE

*Honor of the
Station*

By MAGDA LEIGH

Paddy the Gander

By RUTH SAWYER

OUR EMPLOYER

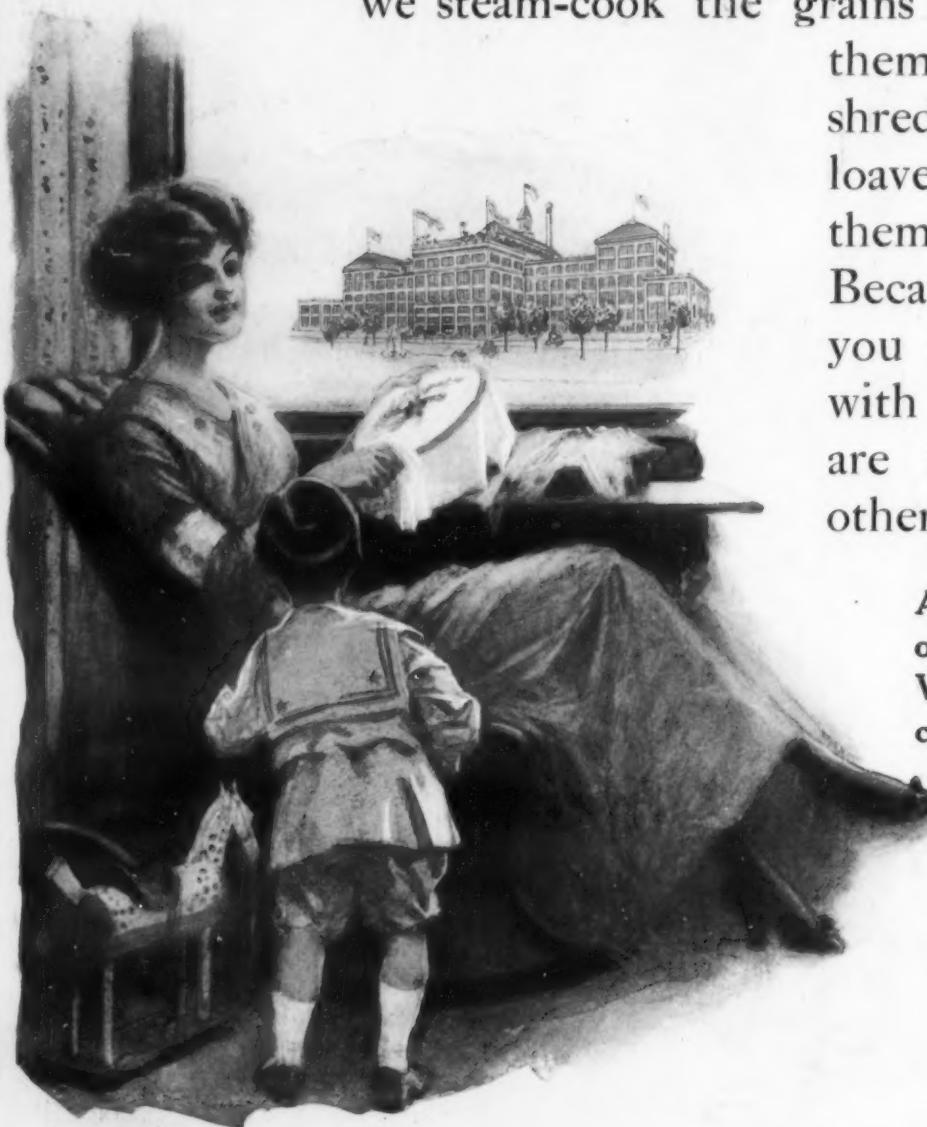
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Shredded Wheat Biscuit

simplifying her housekeeping problems and relieving her of worry and care. In making Shredded Wheat Biscuit we steam-cook the grains of whole wheat, draw

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A Real 1913 Car

**Electric Lights
Set-in Dash Lights
Left-side Drive
Simple Center Control**

**Oversize Tires
15 Roller Bearings
50% Overcapacity
No Levers in the Way**

By R. E. Olds, Designer

Here are some things which cars must have to be really up-to-date.

These are the things which you'll miss most if you fail to get them.

Note that Reo the Fifth combines them all, and combines them in an honest car.

Coming Features

Most leading cars now have left-side drive. Note that fact carefully. The driver sits close to the car he passes, as in European cars.

All leading cars now have set-in dash lights, to displace the old side oil lamps.

Leading cars now employ big tires. They are costly, but the day of skimpy tires is over. They cost too much for upkeep.

Mark these facts, whatever car you buy. Don't buy a car already out-of-date. What leading cars do this year, most cars must do next.

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Then leaders now are building cars with immensely greater care. They have seen that cars built otherwise don't live.

This means Timken bearings instead of common ball bearings. Not merely a couple to claim their use, but roller bearings throughout.

It means drop forgings in place of steel castings, to avoid the risk of flaws. In Reo the Fifth we use 190.

It means steel made to formula, and analyzed twice. It means gears tested for 75,000 pounds per tooth.

It means big margin of safety. Driving parts made one-half stronger than necessary.

It means a \$75 magneto—

A doubly-heated carburetor—

Big brakes—big springs, tested for 100,000 vibrations.

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The leading makers employ every precaution. Every part is compelled to pass radical tests and inspections.

Important parts are hand-fitted, and ground over and over to get utter exactness. Modern, costly machines are used in the gear cutting.

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Genuine leather and the best curled hair are used in upholstery, so the car won't soon look old.

Nothing is ever rushed.

Insist on Them

This is the practice in costly cars. That's what makes them costly. But no man in these days should at any price buy a car without them.

What pride can one take in a car with features distinctly out-of-date? What satisfaction is there in a car that's poorly built?

Soon troubles begin—soon repairs begin. And the cost of upkeep makes the car a burden.

In each Reo the Fifth we spend \$200 in features and cautions which some call unnecessary.

We save it in factory efficiency. By confining our output to only one model we save about 20 per cent. That's why a car, built as we build it, can be sold at the Reo price.

It means to you a long-lived car—a car that keeps its newness. It means a car distinctly up-to-date.

One wrongs himself if he lets any inducement sell him a lesser car.

The Simple Rod Control

Reo the Fifth has no levers, side or center. Nothing on either side blocks the way of the driver. He is never compelled to dismount in the street, nor enter from the street.

All the gear shifting is done with a center rod, out of the way. It is done by moving this rod only three inches in each of four directions. It's as simple as moving the spark lever.

Both brakes are operated by foot pedals.

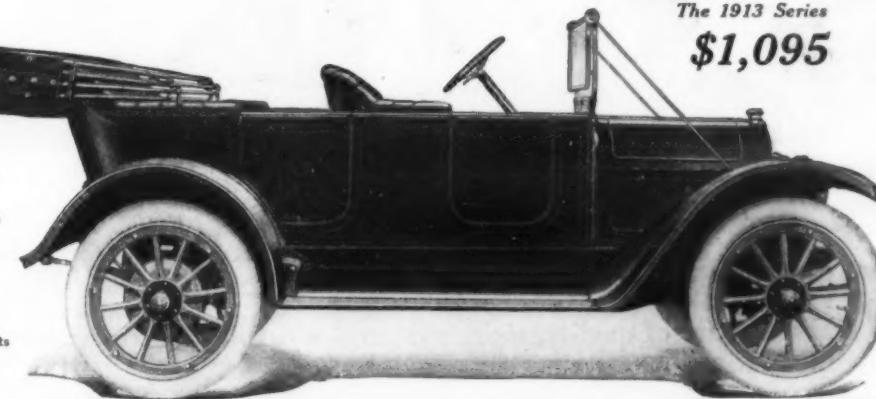
This is also a coming feature. You will see why it must be. It is one you should have on a new car.

A thousand dealers handle Reo the Fifth. Write for our 1913 catalog and we will tell you where to see the car.

Reo the Fifth

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\$1,095



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Wheel Base—
112 Inches
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15 Roller
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5 and 2-
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Top and windshield not included in price. We equip this car with mohair top, side curtains and slip cover, wind-shield, Prest-O-Lite gas tank for headlights, speedometer, self-starter, extra rim and brackets—all for \$100 extra (list price \$170). Gray & Davis Electric Lighting and Starting System at an extra price, if wanted.

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"Styles for Men." Send for it.

THE HOUSE OF KUPPENHEIMER
CHICAGO

Honor of the Station



By Magda Leigh

LOVE, duty, sacrifice—of these high qualities is honor made. And as the greatest of these is sacrifice, so the most human is love—in this case a woman's love, a young mother's love, a young wife's love. "Women and children first!" is the old cry of the sea in her ears as she presses the key of the wireless instrument. But whose woman and whose child? And honor answers.

"YOU folks'll have to excuse me!" The wireless operator dropped his cards on the table in the middle of a game and made a hasty exit from the smoking room.

Van Norden turned inquiringly to the purser. "Not afire or sinking, are we?"

The purser smiled—a queer, far-away, detached sort of smile.

"It just struck eight bells, and we're about off Kahuku Point," he answered, enigmatically.

We waited. That peculiar smile of the purser's had meant one thing to us since we dropped the Golden Gate astern—a yarn.

Van Norden prodded him as he continued silent with: "What has Sparks to do with eight bells and Kahuku Point?"

The purser leaned back in his chair. As if by pre-arranged signal, our cards slid from uninterested fingers and lay in idle disorder before us. We were like expectant children, awaiting a fairy tale.

"There is a wireless station at Kahuku," the purser remarked gently, "and a young man named Sharp is night operator there."

"People go to see the Sharps in their little wireless shack out at Kahuku just to keep their faith in the sweet things of life. Dickie Sharp and Anne, the wife, have been married two years, and they are still madly in love with each other. They are young, scarcely more than boy and girl, but there is that in their love for each other that sort of brings a choky thankfulness into one's heart. It is good to see that such things exist in this world of disappointment."

"Young Richard Sharp, Jr., came into the world last year at the height of a kona storm. Both Dickie and Dr. Howard, the Kahuku medico, tried to persuade Mrs. Sharp to stop over in Honolulu at the Queen's Hospital for the event. But Anne Sharp—"the purser smiled tenderly, "Anne Sharp couldn't see it that way. She gave a thousand and one good reasons for not wishing to go to the hospital. My own opinion is that

she was afraid the shack would blow off into the sea in her absence, for it sits on a strip of beach where the wind blows a continual gale. Dick Sharp is one man in millions, and Mrs. Sharp's sun rises and sets in him. I visited them on my vacation in Honolulu last year, and, although she was more or less insanely wrapped up in her tiny son, her attitude toward Dick was that of a honest with her cub.

"So she remained in the wireless shack, and young Richard, Jr., came into the world one early, tempest-racked morning, to the accompaniment of a thunderous surf, a slashing, crashing gale, and the staccato crackle of the wireless spark as his duty-bound father directed a steamer to the rescue of a windjammer which had blown on and off one of the coral reefs during the night. Dr. Howard and an old Hawaiian woman called Wahinealoha stood by the mother, and, added to the gigantic sounds of the storm, there pierced through the morning the first microscopic cry of Richard, Jr."

THE purser paused and lit a cigar. Then, as none of us stirred, he continued:

"Before the Most Wonderful Baby in the World arrived, Mrs. Sharp had been day operator."

"Day operator!" Green broke in. "You mean she could wireless too?"

The purser nodded. "As well as her man. A fellow named Brown took her place while she was ill, but by the time Richard, Jr., was a month old, that girl had turned him out and was back at her old place before the key, a tiny crib close by her, where she could watch her son kick his wee feet in the air or move his jerky little fists in meaningless circles.

"The kona season passed, after having wrecked the wireless station at Nawiliwilli, on the island of Kauai. The interisland manager phoned out to Sharp and requested him to run over to Kauai and assist Campbell, the Nawiliwilli operator, in getting his aerial up again. Sharp protested—the junior was such a tad—and he couldn't quite see leaving his girl. But Brown was sent out to relieve him, and he was bound to go.

"Mrs. Sharp insisted upon taking the night trick. She gave us her reason the fact that she had to be up with the junior more or less at night. But there was something deeper than that. Dick Sharp guarded the name of his station as a man guards the name of the woman he loves. And Mrs. Sharp had become imbued with his spirit.

"Sharp's middle name was Duty. Perhaps this is one of the reasons we all love him so—his devotion to whatever is his. When the manager argued that he was the only man competent to repair the wreck at Nawiliwilli, he smiled brightly at his wife and packed his grip.

"He crossed over to Kauai on the little tub of a lighthouse tender, *Mamua*. She wasn't much bigger

than a wash boiler, but she was the only interisland boat carrying wireless. All the way from Oahu to Kafele Waho Channel he kept in touch with his wife, impressing upon her, as if it were his last word on earth, her duty toward that aerial voice known as 'H U.'

"Perhaps it was Dickie's training; perhaps it was just her own pride in her charge, but the honor of the station was tended as faithfully as was the junior during the week of Sharp's absence.

"Brown stood the day watch, sleeping over in the small Japanese hotel in Kahuku by night. An old character, who came from no one knew where, but who silently worshiped both Dick and Mrs. Sharp, made it his business to wander over to the station every night and potter around as soon as Brown departed. Whether or not Old Peter ever slept those nights, Mrs. Sharp does not know. He was always on hand to do anything she wished done through her long vigil—unobtrusive and faithful as a dog. He watched over the girl as tenderly as a mother during Sharp's absence.

"And then one night, as she sat listening in, the word was flashed to Anne from Nawiliwilli that her beloved husband was again on the *Mamua*, on his way home."

The purser stopped short and shook his head.

"You know these latitudes off here? As beautiful as a lovely woman—and as uncertain. The wise fellows up at the Hydrographic Office think they have them pretty well in leash with their charts and their maps and their knowledge of the winds. But sometimes the trade wind wearis of its tourist-literature reputation of being the cause of 'the most perfect climate in the world'—and then there's mischief to pay among the islands. It turns into a furious gale and churns the lagoons into savage whirlpools."

"Young Richard had been fretty and sickish all day, and the missus hadn't had her usual nap. Something seemed to have hung weights in the glass, for it began to fall with a rush. Brown had been restless under the pressure of the phones, and Anne Sharp had gone about with a vague sense of something wrong."

"Old Peter strolled over after Brown left, and tinkered aimlessly about the place. I suspect Old Peter smelled the brewing storm, and knowing that Sharp was on the aged *Mamua*, twisting in and around the reefs, he just naturally felt that it would be an act of charity to stand close by Mrs. Sharp."

"The girl had had one eye on the glass and one eye on the baby all evening, Old Peter said afterward, and the first strong blast of wind that shook the wireless shack seemed to turn that woman into a marble figure. She clamped the phones tighter over her ears and sat forward on the edge of the chair, her restless fingers moving the little piece on the tuning coil like the tireless fingers of an expert moving his chess men about the board. She was feeling—feeling for the *Mamua*'s voice."

"The storm broke down on them like the wrath of Jove. As if it were a gracious lullaby, the junior ceased his whimpering, smiled, and closed his eyes in peaceful sleep. These rougher elements were the gods who had sung him into the world, and he heard and understood.

"Old Peter washed up the few dishes he could find in the small galley, his glance straying ever toward that taut figure before the wireless set.

"It isn't quite natural for the trade to blow like this, Peter," Anne argued in a forced tone. "This is not Hawaiian weather."

"I know it," Old Peter snapped. "But sometimes the devil spills some of his cussedness into these parts and then—"

"Old Peter stopped speaking—stopped breathing. You've watched a man tighten the already taut strings of a violin, haven't you? And you know that breathless moment as you wait for them to snap? Old Peter watched the girl's figure grow taut until he thought she'd snap! He watched—and he waited. And finally, through the roar of the storm, her words reached him.

"It's the *Mamua*, Peter. Her steering gear's carried away and she is being driven before the storm. She's just out beyond the point, and she's calling S. O. S. Wait—she's calling me!"

"Anne's voice was strangely calm. But her slender figure flamed into action. Throwing on the current and opening the switch, she pressed a steady finger on the key.

"*Mamua*—all right—go ahead!" she sent, and then waited, pencil in hand.

"You know they don't boast of life-saving service at Kahuku beyond the volunteer crew made up of Kanakas and a few whites, of which old Captain Evans is chief. There was no use sending up rockets out there,

"Old Peter stood rigid and watched. The woman's face whitened; her lips turned blue; but she wrote, then wirelessed a quick reply, then wrote again. Then picking up the telephone, she called Captain Evans. Fortunately he was at home.

"It's the *Mamua*," her words rushed through the phone. "She was just nearing the point when a sea wrenched her steering gear useless—she's being driven toward the reef at the edge of the point. Captain Cunha asks you to phone for a tug to Honolulu. Wait—"

"She broke off and turned back to the wireless. An instant she listened in, then flashed two or three words back through the night. Turning again to the telephone, she called:

"She's struck—she's right here on the point—and she's pounding heavily. They're asking for help—can you shoot a line out to her before she breaks up?—Captain Evans—Dickie's aboard!"

"Her voice broke on the beloved name, but the girl sat steady for the reply. It came in Captain Evans's reassuring tones, and Anne turned back to the key.

"Captain Evans is getting his men together," she explained to Old Peter as she opened the switch, and in another instant she was sending her message of hope and assurance out to the helpless *Mamua*.

"Dick was at the key of the lighthouse tender. He had turned the operator out. Through the crashing and smashing of the surf against the quivering ship beneath him he wirelessed directions to Anne Sharp, who, in turn, phoned them to Evans.

"No word of love, no hint of her agony escaped the woman. Her boy was out there in the flying, smothering foam with only a scant half hour perhaps between him and death. Yet Anne never wavered. If her heart was torn to the barest shred, if her soul cringed and cowered before the dread probability, that was between her and her God.

"Suddenly the spark from the *Mamua* sputtered an abrupt 'M-i-n,' which is wireless for 'hold your wire a minute.' In the following interval the phone bell tinkled, and Captain Evans announced all in readiness and asked if the *Mamua* had any final instructions. Anne told him to wait, and then pushed her wireless closer over her ears.

"It must have seemed an eternity to the anxious woman before she heard the *Mamua* again. As she sat there, rigid, listening in, the door of the shack flung open and a man stepped in. He was Gaylor, star reporter of the 'Advertiser.' The news of the wreck had reached him over at the Japanese hotel, where he had been picking up a stabbing story. Eager and expectant, he fought his way through the storm to the wireless shack, keen for the story.

"There was that pleasure in his expression that betokened supreme satisfaction over getting news, for live 'stories' were scarcer than cannibals in Honolulu.

"Old Peter eyed him savagely, but Gaylor paid no heed. He strode over to Anne's side with:

"Hear somethin's struck the reef. What is she? Some old interisland tub, I suppose?"

"And then something happened. Old Peter's age fell from him in a twinkling. With one movement he was beside Gaylor and was shaking him in ungovernable fury.

"You fool! You fool!" Old Peter gasped. "Can't you shut up? Her man is out there on that wreck!"

"Outside the wind shrieked across the beach and thundered off over the mountains. The shack shuddered and strained as if it would break adrift.

"Gaylor stood mute and stared at Anne Sharp.

"A sudden start, a catch of her breath, and suddenly the woman was on her feet, a wild arm flung across her eyes as if to shut out some hideous sight. She made a quick motion as if to tear the phones from her ears, but the steady message to which she was listening seemed to paralyze her will. She stood listening, and her body almost writhed beneath the torture of what she heard.

FINALLY she dropped into the chair before the key and sent a short answer into the storm.

"God knows how Dickie Sharp ever read that broken message," the purser said gently. "And only God knows how that girl ever sent it. She finished, turned to the phone and spoke to Evans. And Gaylor says that if a dead woman could speak, he imagines her voice would sound as did Anne Sharp's then.

"'Captain Evans,' she said with fearful distinctness, 'Captain Cunha of the *Mamua* directs that you are to abandon all attempt to rescue his men. The *Kai Kahuna* of the interisland fleet has just struck a bit beyond the *Mamua*, and there are women and children aboard the *Kai Kahuna*. You are to rescue the women and children first, and then—oh, God! be quick!' and her voice rose like that of a woman in physical pain.

"Old Peter stumbled forward and sank down on his stiffened knees beside her. He hid his grizzled face in the folds of her skirt, and his shoulders heaved.

"Old Peter hid his grizzled face in the folds of her skirt, and his shoulders heaved. The girl sat as one stunned, her eyes glazed in a sightless stare before her."



"The girl sat as one stunned, her eyes glazed in a sightless stare before her. In her heart of hearts, which was surely breaking, she knew that at that moment Dick—beloved, wonderful Dick—loved her as he had never loved her before. At his bidding she had turned succor from him in his dire need; she had sacrificed him for the sake of women and children who were nothing to her; she had taken her own life between her obedient hands and had broken it; and she had robbed the Most Wonderful Baby in the World of his father. These things she had done at his bidding for the honor of the station.

"Gaylor told me afterward that he is sure none of the three of them moved. Tragedy such as this paralyzes.

"How long the silence lasted, Gaylor did not know. But during a lull in the gale he heard the woman's voice babbling short, broken, shriveling words:

"'Women and children first! But my baby—our baby! Lover—I told them to abandon you—to abandon you—women and children—first—'

"And then the merciful wind boomed across the beach and drowned out her pitiful mutterings.

"All at once the junior awakened and—no, he didn't wall. He heard the great sound of rushing winds and he cooed! Anne Sharp heard him even with the phones over her ears, and she sprang to her feet, tortured. She stretched appealing arms toward her God, who alone knew how great was her love for the father of her babe.

"Then suddenly something fell against the door of the shack. Gaylor yanked the door open. A dripping, bleeding, half-stunned form lurched in and raised a glorified face toward Anne Sharp. And Anne turned and saw!

"There were no words, just an inarticulate sound from the woman's lips. And she had Dick clutched in her arms, great, terrible sobs of joy breaking from her very soul.

"The shrill ringing of the telephone bell aroused Gaylor into action. He sprang forward and caught up the receiver. He listened a moment and then cried out excitedly:

"'It's Tompkins, down at Evans's, Mrs. Sharp. He says they've got a line to the *Kai Kahuna*, and they're going to be able to get the women and children off in great shape.'

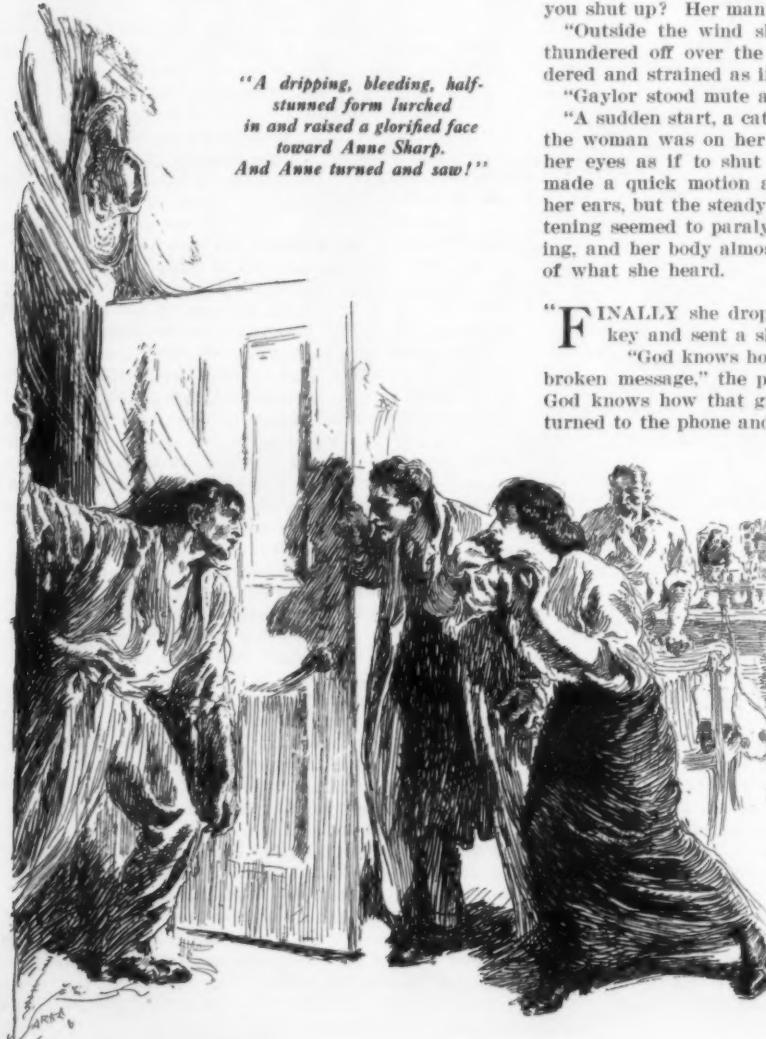
"But Anne Sharp didn't hear. She was looking, resurrected, into her husband's adoring eyes."

The purser paused, and, as he did, Sparks swung jauntily into the smoking room and took his place at the table.

"Was just talking to H U," he explained to the purser. "Said aloha to Mrs. Sharp for you."

"How's the family?" the purser asked. And then he and Sparks smiled gently at each other.

"Dickie is growing a beard and is fearfully bristly, she says. And as for the junior—oh, well, he's still the Most Wonderful Baby in the World!"



The President's Silent Partner

By Peter Clark
Macfarlane



THE first of a great series of personality sketches of "Everyday Americans"—men and women who, all in the day's work, have done the things that fell to their hands to do, and who by that very doing, although unconscious of the limelight, have become dramatic figures on life's stage. The unofficial statesman who is the subject of this article came from a far corner of the country, did the duty of the minute, was surprised one day to find himself the most influential man in his State; and now the President of the United States leans upon him heavily—counts him chief among his advisers. The story of his rise to power is typically and romantically American. In two weeks we shall show you another "Everyday American," just as interesting, but all in such a different way.

Photographs by James H. Hare, Collier's Staff Photographer

THE most potent personal influence in the Wilson Administration, aside from the President himself, is not in the Administration at all—officially. It proceeds from a man who never held an office, and never intends to; who never made a political speech, penned an editorial, or owned a newspaper, nor, Providence assisting, ever will; who never attended a county convention in his life, and but one or two State conventions; who nineteen months ago had never rested an eye upon Woodrow Wilson, and even now dances attendance only in a flitting, will-o'-the-wisp sort of way, lurking in the shadows and keeping as far as possible from the white light that beats upon a Presidential chair; a man who never pushes himself, never draws nigh unless he is beckoned; and yet is close—oh, very close!—in fact, closest of all men to the President of the United States.

Those who know give this man credit for influencing the appointment of at least four Cabinet officers, and say there is no doubt that his voice was heard concerning every one of the others.

Last winter, when Mr. Wilson and Mr. Bryan were trying to look each other in the eye, it was this man who did the focusing and vibrated between Princeton and Miami until the premiership of the Nebraskan in the Cabinet of the New Jerseyman was assured.

The name of this mysterious silent partner of the President is House, Edward M. House, with the



His friends call him "an unofficial statesman." He looks askance at the interviewer

title of Colonel attaching itself loosely, because once a grateful Governor offered him a position on his staff, which he with characteristic modesty declined. "Colonel" House registers from Texas. This, by the way, is the day of the Texan in the National capital. Time was when Maine, with Hale and Frye, Reed, Boutelle, and Dingley, outweighed a dozen States, or when half the officeholders in Washington, including the President, seemed to come from Ohio; but those days are gone. Maine and Ohio are backed into the offing and signaling for assistance.

Nor is it the Missouri mule that prances on Pennsylvania Avenue, but rather the Texas steer. Texas is it. Burleson is Postmaster General, Houston is Secretary of Agriculture, Culberson is a distinguished figure in the Senate, Henry is a power in the House. Yes, the Administration is peppered and salted and sugared with Texans. And this is only the advance guard. Give time a couple of years, then raise the cry of the Alamo on the mall and you will not be able to see the green for the wide hats.

But reverting to the silent partner, let me, at the very outset, confess to you that House is a difficult man to write about. His power—or rather let us say, in the interest of finer discrimination, his influence—is so great, and the character and method of the man are so simple and natural, that I find him singularly elusive.

A High-Powered Private

TO background the figure of this modest but forceful unknown sufficiently to get him into perspective, let it be set down first that in Texas he has been the dominant political influence for twenty years. The people of that State hold him responsible for the second term of one Governor, and for three other Governors who served two terms each, one of whom was later elevated to the United States Senate, where he is now doing his third term. The Texans admit, too, that Colonel House might himself have been Governor or United States Senator at any time during the period of his remarkable political ascendancy, had he so chosen. That he has not so chosen they explain by saying that he wants nothing for himself, and declare, further, that he has never taken the slightest advantage of his power for personal uses.

He is related to no interest. He has no class feeling. He has built no machine that must be fed on plums or greased with public favors. He is not in politics for health or profit. Some one has said he is in for fun. That, however, is a mistake. His political service is begotten of a deadly earnest purpose to serve his fellow citizens. But he prefers to serve them in the ranks. He is a high-powered private.

It is difficult to write of what Colonel House has done without giving the impression that he is a boss; yet nothing could be farther from the fact. His sway is gentle. His desire is utterly unselfish. Happy Texas! He wins his way by a honeyed reasonableness. He is just the calmest, sanest type of a man. Indeed, one of the finest things known about Woodrow Wilson is that he likes Edward M. House, and quite the most brilliant exhibition of perspicacity yet given by that astute gentleman, who now overflows the White House, is that from his first hour of conversation with the brainy Texan he has glued him to his soul.

A Scene with the Cronies

LET me show you the two together in, for example, the interval between the election and the inauguration of the President. Friend House, besides having a fine home and uncounted acres in Texas, with a summer residence in Massachusetts, keeps a quietly exclusive apartment in New York City, at which the President-elect developed a habit of turning up quite regularly on Friday afternoons or evenings.

Frequently Mrs. Wilson came along. Mrs. House, a beautiful type of the Southern woman, would be hostess for that select party at luncheon or dinner, after which the two women would flit away from the apartment, leaving the two men behind, where they had but to lift the telephone receiver off the hook and, lo, though in the heart of New York, they were as far away and as much alone as in the Desert of Sahara!

And do they proceed to talk about politics? No—not right off. Instead they fall to like the cronies they are, cracking at the head of whatever topic first shows above the surface. They indulge in mental gambols of every sort. The President is sure to tell some funny stories, and to mix these with his latest limericks; and, upon the insistence of his host, to recite some one of his favorite poems.

The talk will range over art and literature. It is sure to cover more than a segment of history and come around by and by to the science of government, the President's great interest being in the theoretical and Colonel House's in the practical side of this latter issue. Somewhere in between they will talk a little politics and come at the adjustment of Presidential principles to administrative exigencies, which means also that they must begin to weigh and sift the characters and qualities of individual men.

This, now, is where the silent partner begins to coruscate. He is not merely the President's playfellow; he is his scales and balance. He can gauge the moral and intellectual half of a man as keenly as any person in public life to-day. He is an adept at estimating the depth and force of the currents of public opinion. He can put his finger on the key log in a political jam, or unravel tangled threads with the deftness that belongs to genius. When it comes to the smelling of a mouse, his olfactory nerves are not only nothing lacking but unusually sensitive. And so the hours would pass, frequently concluding, if in the afternoon, with an evening at the theatre.

The President at Play

SINCE the inauguration these tête-à-têtes naturally take place at the Executive Mansion. Colonel House, let us say, is the President's guest at his one o'clock luncheon. After luncheon the door of the Executive Chambers—this door, which was going to be open always, you remember—is not even ajur. There are no more appointments. Senators and Congressmen and reporters, even office seekers, can wait. The President of the United States is at play. He has paused to loaf and invite his soul in the company of a congenial friend. They will talk on and on till the day is gone.

Again the conversation will swing round the whole horizon, but occasionally it will pause before some sign of the political zodiac and there will be quick, terse interchanges of thought. The President has a keen mind, it needs no iteration for him to grasp a point; and his discernment is quick; it wants no chemical analysis for him to tell gold from glitter. In these swift, light-flashing moments in the midst of rest, great work will be done. Policies will be approved or rejected, and the names of men elevated or cast out of consideration. Former President Roosevelt used to say: "Play when you play, and when you work don't play at all." President Wilson's motto is more nearly: "Work when you work, and when you play, work a little too."

Naturally, a glimpse or two like this of the President's sparring partner makes us grow exceedingly interested in the man. We want to pick up the trail and follow his spoor around the corner of the White House and out over the broad plains of Texas, where we discover our man was born in Houston in 1858, and that he had the infantile precocity to choose a

father rather carefully in the person of Thomas W. House, banker and cotton factor, a friend of General Sam Houston, Colonel Bowie, and other great ones of that earlier Texas day. At eighteen the youth was in school in Connecticut, the old Hopkins Grammar of New Haven; and his chum was Ollie Morton, a son of old Oliver P., then in his prime at Washington and a great rival of Blaine. Young Morton made frequent trips to Washington, and occasionally his school-fellow, Ed House, went along. Young Ed was greatly interested in politics, and greatly impressed on the first look by the glamour of Washington life, by the sight of the House and the Senate in session, by glimpses of a President and Cabinet, and the imposing splendor of the Diplomatic Corps. But he took a second look.

A Radium-Like Personality

WITH remarkable astuteness for a boy, he perceived that the Government was not the House and the Senate and the President, but a small inner group of men of superior intellect or craft. The boy felt that to be a Senator or a Representative meant nothing unless one had a great deal of force. Then and there he decided that official life was not for him. He still retained his interest in politics, but concluded to try to win power rather than position.

When young House was on the eve of graduating from Cornell University, he was recalled to Texas by the death of his father, who left him many thousand widely scattered acres and large business interests. Such responsibilities would have cluttered up hopelessly the mind of the average young man for the rest of his life; but Ed House never gets cluttered up in anything. He stands from under, or looks at things from the saddle, keeping his mind clear and his soul disentangled. In a few years the House estates were taking care of themselves beautifully, and the quiet young master of them had gone to live at Austin, the State capital, where he could keep an eye on things political.

It was not many years till Austin began to feel something; she could not tell quite what it was, but nevertheless she felt it, a peculiar, radium-like personality, that began to influence things strangely from behind curtains without ever once making a public appearance. That was in 1892, when the second campaign of Governor Hogg was on. Hogg, it will be remembered, comes near to being the original progressive. In his first administration he had given Texas some legislation that made the beasts of the jungle roar. In his second campaign the "interests" were all against him. Almost every newspaper of importance in the State was fighting him. He was going to be beaten, hands down—so they said—walked on, stampeded over, trampled into the earth!

But as the campaign progressed the wind veered unaccountably. From flapping idly, the Hogg campaign sails gradually bellied out and a real race was on. The reason seemed to lie in or near the Hogg headquarters, but in some mysterious force that kept itself well out of sight. That force was young House. He was managing his first campaign, and doing it in that anonymous way in which he has worked ever since. His name did not appear as the campaign manager. He likes to have somebody else at the head of the organization to wear the crown and receive the plaudits—and the missiles—also to talk to the thousand and one well-meaning people, and the some not so well-meaning, who always want to see the head of a campaign committee. That gives him time to get off by himself and think, and time to talk with the leaders, the men whose judgment is most worth weighing, and the men whose influence, when gained, is most worth having.

The Secret of His Method

THIS, indeed, is the whole secret of his political method. He works upon the leaders. He never appeals to the masses, although he believes in them devoutly and works for them devotedly. He has never made a speech in his life. He can talk to one man eloquently; an audience of half a dozen makes him ill at ease; the sight of twoscore will cause him to flee as a wild ass of the desert. The psychology of crowds is too overpowering for him. He leaves that to lieutenants. He quietly takes the leaders into camp, and the leaders do the rest.

By this method he made Hogg a victor in that memorable second campaign. By this method he made Culberson twice a Governor and then a United States

Senator. By it he made Joseph D. Sayers and S. W. T. Lanham each a two-term Governor. In the first Sayers campaign for the Democratic nomination, House had the vigorous opposition of his old friend Hogg, who was supporting Crane, then Attorney General of the State, and a very fine gentleman, by the way. Hogg was a power in Texas then.

A Piece of Strategy

IT WAS doubtful if any man could be nominated against his wishes. Therefore the case of Sayers, although supported by House, seemed hopeless; but, behold—in the midst of the campaign one of the newspapers published a letter from Hogg to a man named Malone, saying some nice things about Sayers. True, the letter also said equally nice things about Crane, but the Sayers management at once appropriated it as a campaign document, circulated a hundred thousand copies, and with the powerful name of Hogg turned the popular tide to their candidate.

It looked in part like a fortuitous accident and in part like superior campaign strategy; but when later it leaked out that Malone was manager of one of House's plantations, the Texans did a small sum in arithmetic and understood more fully.

The letter was no accident. It was the deft Florentine hand of House who got Hogg to write that letter to Malone. He couldn't win for Sayers without Hogg



The den in Colonel House's New York apartment—where last winter the cronies chatted a new administration into shape

and he could not entirely win Hogg, but he got him to express views appreciative of his candidate, and with that expression upon his banner House went out and won.

He Outgrows Texas

A GOOD many people credit or blame Mr. Bryan for President Wilson—but Colonel House was at least guilty of contributory diligence. It is generally recognized that the nomination of Wilson at Baltimore was a fluke. Of course, the Wilsonians say it was destiny—but destiny can use a fluke upon occasion. Anyway Wilson went to the Baltimore convention with less than a majority of the votes and less than a majority of those chosen by popular primaries, but he won. Now the Gibraltar of the Wilson battalions was at all times the unchanging forty votes of Texas. The fight between Clark and Wilson had been sharp in Texas. It was Colonel House who swayed Texas into the Wilson column, and at long range kept that delegation firm, made it a fulcrum on which the masterly generalship of Bryan finally turned the convention to Wilson.

Without House, no Texas delegation; without the Texas delegation, no Gibraltar; and without Gibraltar, no fulcrum and no turning and no Wilson. If you do not think this sequence quite convincing, I will wipe it off the board and try another—without House, no Bryan; and without Bryan, no Wilson. Bryan and Clark were friends—they had ground each other's axes; Wilson had wished Mr. Bryan into a cocked hat; therefore Bryan would incline to Clark and incline against Wilson. But Colonel House and Mr. Bryan were intimates. Mr. Bryan has valued the counsel of House for a dozen years. Colonel House was for Wilson, and he is a very persuasive man. Perhaps he helped Bryan to appreciate and forgive, helped him to see that the forces opposing Wilson were the same forces which had opposed him. You

observed the possible connection. House sways Bryan—Bryan sways the convention.

This is the House method exactly—Bryan on the rostrum; House in the telephone booth; each a patriot, each a great, untarnished soul; each complementing the other in an effort to—well, let us say—to help Destiny turn a trick.

As a matter of fact, however, Colonel House was not even in the telephone booth. He was in Europe. Having fathomed that clever scheme, probably devised by Sheehan, to combine all the non-Wilson forces into an anti-Wilson wedge, he laid the powder trains, lighted the matches, and then quietly tiptoed across the Atlantic to watch the fireworks from afar.

He Keeps in Touch

TO OBSERVE the gradual progress of Colonel House from far-off Texas toward the central eddy in the national political whirlpool is most illuminating. The campaign of 1896 interested him but failed to elicit his enthusiasms. He was for Bryan, but he was not for free silver. He would not bolt, because he liked Mr. Bryan, and because he thinks if a man is to do any good in politics he must be a party man and bide his time. In 1898 Mr. Bryan came to spend the winter in Austin, Tex., and he and Colonel House became warm friends. The campaign of 1900 again interested Colonel House, but again failed to arouse his enthusiasms. He thought Bryan had no chance, and the Colonel is a man who wastes small time in beating the air. He confined his activities to residing in New York and turning up every day or so at National Democratic Headquarters, just to see how things were going. "Keeping in touch" was therefore about the extent of the Colonel's political activities in the Presidential campaign of 1900. In 1904 Belmont, Parker, Sheehan, and others took the party. Colonel House didn't like the look of this oligarchy. They represented the kind of thing he had been putting under the sod in Texas, but he recognized that they had a run coming to them and, philosopherlike, was perfectly willing to let them have it, while, politician-like, he again confined his own activities to "keeping in touch." The Colonel is great on "touch." He is "in touch" in all directions now. In his reception room the other day I stumbled over a foreign minister, while my own heels

were trodden upon successively by a well-known railroad president and the head of a huge labor organization.

When 1908 came around Colonel House felt a keen desire to see Mr. Bryan elected; but sensing the situation in that prescient way of his, he decided that there was no chance and again indulged in no sort of overexertion, only as before, "keeping in touch."

By the beginning of 1910, however, the flounderings of the Taft Administration, which could be heard as far away as Africa, were perfectly audible in Texas. Colonel House sniffed the prospect of a Democratic day as quick as any man and developed a singular liking for New York climate.

He Searches for a Candidate

IN THE next twelve months the silent man, known only to a few and accurately appraised by none of the great Eastern leaders of his party, did a perfectly enormous amount of "keeping in touch." After the Congressional elections of 1910 he was firmly convinced that if the right candidate could be found there could be a Democrat in the White House. Unofficially he went up and down the land and in and out of the National Democratic Club on Fifth Avenue, looking for a man, but, unlike Diogenes, he carried no lantern. He would never make himself conspicuous to that extent. For a time Mayor Gaynor attracted his attention, perhaps even kindled his hopes; but another luminary was just now shining with growing brilliancy into the Democratic night. This was the Governor of New Jersey. The more Colonel House heard about this New Jersey man the more interested he became. His fight against the bosses and the interests, his easy whipsawing of the Legislature, and the clarity of his public utterances all appealed to the Texan.

For perhaps a year House marked the course of Woodrow Wilson through the political heavens and was still endeavoring to decide whether he was a comet or a fixed star, when the New Jerseyan heard about House, and with the instinct of a good campaigner promptly went to see him. That was in the autumn of 1911, and Colonel (Continued on page 30)

COMMENT ON CONGRESS

By MARK SULLIVAN

This man is having a hard fight in behalf of the people. Stand behind him

ONE of the very best of the smaller city dailies in the United States is the "Herald," published at Lexington, Ky., owned and edited by Mr. Desha Breckinridge. During the early part of April, Mr. Breckinridge visited Washington, mingled with the public men there, and on his return wrote these words:

President Wilson has a difficult task. The remnants of those who believe that the purpose of government is to benefit those who can control legislation still remain in Washington; the representatives of special interests are gathered there as of old. Every possible expedient will be used to thwart his purposes and to discredit his Administration by those who resent with deadly bitterness the revolution in public thought led by him and evidenced by his election. But there is no one in Washington now who even professes to doubt that he is a master politician as well as a master statesman.

This is an extremely accurate summing up of what is fundamental in the situation at Washington, with this qualification: Mr. Breckinridge's words were written before the middle of April; during the weeks that have elapsed since then it is undeniable that President Wilson's enemies, both the avowed ones and the traitorous ones within his own party, have gained courage. Those Senators and Members who whispered together in secret, and wondered if they dared, have been emboldened to become openly defiant. It began when so conspicuous a Democrat as the Governor of Massachusetts came out with an outrageously impudent assault on President Wilson's policy, an act that could have no straightforward purpose at all, and no ulterior one except to embarrass Mr. Wilson and hinder tariff reduction. The best characterization of Governor Foss's opening gun of the fire in the rear was uttered by the New York "World":

In effect, he summons every weak-willed Democrat in Congress to return to the flesh pots. He encourages every negotiator and log roller in the Democratic party to resume operations. He revives hope in the breast of every protective-tariff Democratic Judas in the land. His bolt is aimed and timed with deliberation, evidently with the hope that it will confuse counsel at Washington and defeat a great reform.

The impetus of treason was helped along when so conspicuous a Democratic paper as the New Orleans "Picayune" called President Wilson "not a true Democrat . . . but a radical heavily tainted with Socialism," and openly counseled the Louisiana Senators and Members to play the part of Judas. But, most of all, the spirit of party treason derived aid and comfort from Mr. Hearst's revolt, an attack which, to the discerning, was shamelessly unfair, but to the thoughtless was shrewdly calculated to inflame prejudice against the President. The day it appeared in the Washington "Post" (that faithful servant which lays the propaganda of the special interests before the eyes of Congress each morning) every Member who before had skulked and dissembled felt free to avow openly the in-



terests he serves. (A few still remain under cover, intimidated by the fear of losing patronage which President Wilson has been good enough a politician to withhold until after the tariff session is over.)

Mr. Wilson's troubles have begun. His big fight, which the present writer believed would not come for a year or more, is on.

The Job

ALL this is natural. Consider what Mr. Wilson is about to do: there is an ancient graft, through which many persons have become rich and powerful; put it any way you like, it amounts to this, that Mr. Wilson proposes to remove that graft. That he will be fought by all the means that are at the command of the more sordid kinds of wealth goes without saying. Opposition is inherent in the situation. Chairman Underwood made it plain in the course of a speech to the Democratic caucus:

The sugar growers of Louisiana have been brought up as a hothouse growth, that is true. They have invested millions in their industry. Free sugar will destroy them; that is conceded, and it is only proper that their industry must give way.

It is one of the incidents of a false eco-

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nomic system. Curing this ancient evil means interfering with somebody's vested rights. It would be possible to put a tariff on bananas so high that it would be profitable to build hothouses in Maine to raise them; and when it was proposed to remove the tariff the hothouse owners would quite naturally and truthfully cry out that their property was being destroyed. Some surgery is necessary to the cure.

When the People Talk

HAPPILY, whenever the people have a chance to express themselves, Wilson is cheered and strengthened. Preceding the Congressional by-election in the Thirteenth Massachusetts District, the voters were warned by every protection paper and interest in the State that it would be taken by the whole country as an omen, and the voters were urged to stand by protection. The Boston "Transcript" printed double-leaded S. O. S. editorials. Senator Weeks and the other State leaders took the field and painted dreadful pictures of the soup houses and starvation that would come if the present tariff bill should become a law. The district includes some wealthy suburbs as well as some factory towns just outside Boston. Last November it elected one of the most conspicuous

standpat Republicans in the State, John W. Weeks, by a plurality of more than 2,500. The present sentiment of the district is shown by the comparative figures:

	Rep.	Dem.	Prog.
November . . .	15,934	13,583	5,853
April	8,883	12,991	5,678

The issue in this election was not tariff reduction, for all three of the candidates said they were for reduction in one way or another; the issue in this election—and this is the thing for the country to know and remember—was the PRESENT DEMOCRATIC TARIFF BILL NOW PENDING AT WASHINGTON. The contents of it were well known to the people; it was discussed on the stump every night. The Democratic candidate who was given so complete a victory was for the PRESENT DEMOCRATIC TARIFF BILL; the other candidates were for some variation of it. The only inference from the result is that in the strongest protection State the people who vote (as distinguished from the factory owners who subsidize papers and make a great deal of noise) have made up their minds to accept the measure of tariff reduction provided in the present bill. This conclusion is especially inferable from the fact that apparently about five thousand Republicans didn't vote.

It ought to be recorded that the Democratic victory was helped by the fact that a protective tariff Republican, Mr. Richard H. Long, who has been in politics himself, who has tried to get to Congress as a Republican, and who, as a shoe manufacturer, employs a thousand men, came out for the Democratic candidate and spoke from the same platform with him.



*A Wealthy Socialist
Prefers Jail to a Fine*

EDWARD S. SMITH, a wealthy Socialist of Warren, Ohio, is setting type in the city workhouse rather than pay a \$25 fine which he declares is unjust. It is charged that while he was taking flood photographs he "resisted an officer."



*Governor Johnson's
Highly Esteemed Bodyguard*

FEW public officials have been so fortunate in their choice of a bodyguard as Governor Hiram W. Johnson of California. Besides being of unquestionable loyalty, the bodyguard is an amateur boxing champion and has a record as a chauffeur that is no whit less notable. When California's legislators failed to make good on their preelection promises and the Governor drove the length and breadth of the State in a motor car to tell the voters what was going on, "Jack" made a reputation for always traveling on schedule time. More formally speaking, "Jack" is Hiram W. Johnson, Jr.



Chicago's New "Morals Court" Dissents from Police Court Standards

IT IS time perhaps to begin writing reminiscences of how police courts used to dispense justice to fallen women. Within the past month a piece of judicial machinery that upsets half of the old-fashioned police court's cherished traditions has set the nation a model of efficiency in morals cases. Chicago's new "Morals Court," which bears all cases that have to do with violations of the city ordinances regarding the social evil and the regulation of vice districts, attempts to attack the traffickers in vice, not simply to hound the victims. The new plan is as scientific and humane as the average police court's methods were clumsy and brutal.

Three of the short pronouncements of the Judge of the new court at the opening session tell how the old order has changed.

To the first of the unfortunate women who appeared before him he said:

"I am going to begin the operation of this court by giving a chance to everybody who is willing to accept one."

A policeman who arrested two girls but freed their male escorts was forcefully rebuked by the Judge for making it appear that a standard of double morality should be officially recognized.

"Arrest the men, too. They are as guilty as the women."

And to a flashily costumed vagrant who had made love to a girl, wheedled her out of her savings, and then deserted her:

"I wish I could give you a year in jail. As it is, you get the limit—\$200 and costs."

The Court's Women Officials

THE photograph reproduced above tells part of the story of how different the new system is from the old. Instead of a dark, ill-ventilated cellar full of morbid spectators and professional bond sharks, the new court room is on the eleventh story of Chicago's City Hall. The cases are conducted with as much privacy as possible, and the women brought to trial are not thrown with the police court's petty criminals and drunkards. The photograph

shows that three officials sit at the judge's bench. From left to right they are Gertrude Howe Britten, superintendent of the Juvenile Protective League; Judge Jacob H. Hopkins, and Mrs. Louise Tousley, the court's chief probation officer. To aid the purpose of the Judge to give unfortunates every opportunity to get a new start in life, the Court cooperates with rescue homes and employment agencies, and has appointed women probation officers and women physicians. When the plan is further developed, a force of social workers will be added to the organization, painstakingly to investigate each case before it is brought to trial. Better detention quarters and a hospital for women defendants are other ideas that are favorably considered.

A Girl Who Wouldn't Reform

CHIEF JUSTICE HARRY OLSON of the Municipal Court is quoted as predicting that when the machinery of the new court is complete it will obliterate Chicago's vice districts.

On the first day the "Morals Court" tried fifty-one cases. The contrasts presented were many and vivid. A woman who said that for eighteen years she had supported her invalid mother and father by the profits of immorality pleaded to be allowed to reform and be aided to find work. An attractive, neatly dressed girl, barely twenty-one, flatly refused to change her way of life, and told the Judge she didn't seek respectable employment.

The prisoners came from many parts of the city and were of many nationalities. Some of the women appeared ashamed; many more did not. The Court's methods, not the docket, furnished the surprises. The Judge was insistent upon knowing as much about a girl's surroundings and wages as about whether she had violated a city ordinance. And he showed leniency even to the young woman who had been defiant.

The Judge ordered the case continued for ten days and promised: "If you behave yourself in the meanwhile I'll dismiss it."

An Oriental

Governor General Forbes speaking



Pan Wen Ping, Decathlon champion



Oriental relay racers

IN A STRIKING WAY the success of the Far Eastern Olympic Games, recently held in Manila, is significant of the spread of American influence in the East. The working out of an American idea brought together nearly 150 athletes from China, Japan, and the Philippines—150 Orientals discarded ancient traditions and customs and met for the first time on a basis of equality in contests of strength, skill, and endurance. They competed in a series of American sports under American supervision for the athletic supremacy of the Orient. The English language was the medium of conversation, both on the field and at social gatherings. At a dinner given by the Filipino athletes to their competitors, every speech was made in English; and with every athlete on his feet, the Orientals cheered vigorously for the United States.

Such a tournament is memorable not only because it is unique in athletic annals, but also because it means a better understanding between young men of the Far East.

The spectator did not need to be told that there was a new day in China when he saw the forty lithe young Chinamen who led in the parade of athletes at the opening of the Manila games. Clad in neat track suits with a small flag of the new Republic on their breasts and a big banner borne proudly in front, they marched past the Governor General. Only five years ago such a tableau would have been impossible on account of ancient traditions that have fallen before the influence of America.

After the Chinese athletes marched the Japanese, sturdy and proud, and wearing the emblem of the rising sun. Next came the Filipinos, each wearing on his breast a replica of the great shield of the Philippines. Governor General Forbes spoke upon the significance of the meeting and then formally declared the games opened.

The Philippines won the Olympiad as a whole, excelling generally in track and field, swimming, football, basket ball, and volley ball. The Chinese did their best work in tennis and the track and field events. They came so near winning in so many events that they made it evident that at another time of year, and with no long sea trip to undergo, they would be very hard to defeat. The Japanese excelled in baseball and long-distance running.

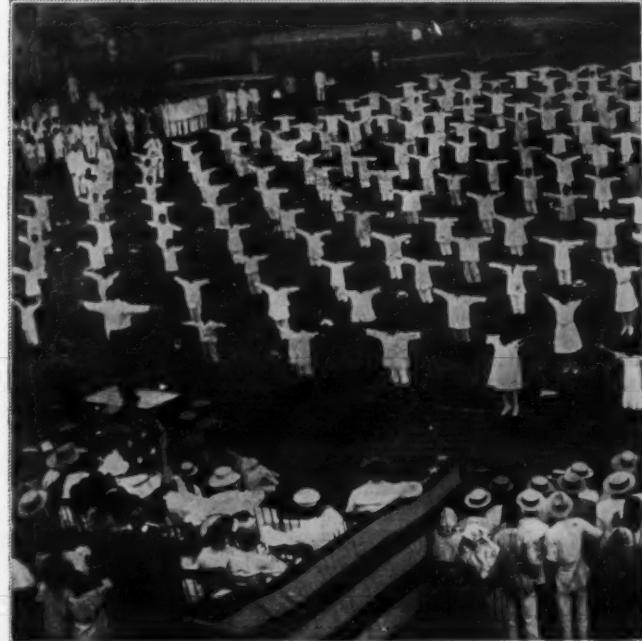
The performances as a whole were high grade in every event, and the records made compare favorably with those set by men who have had the advantage of better and longer training. The 100-yard dash was done in 10 2-5 seconds by a Filipino, the 220-yard in 23 seconds, and the 5-mile run by a Japanese in 29½ minutes. A Filipino high-school boy took first place in the broad jump with a mark of 21 feet 9 inches.

Japan sent a splendid baseball team, which defeated the pick of the Philippines in every game. Japanese runners finished first and second in a modified Marathon, a race that attracted twenty-five thousand spectators along the course. The Chinese produced the best all-round athlete in the games, Pan Wen Ping of Peking, who won the Decathlon. Second place in this event also went to China, through the work of Clarence S. K. Chow.

The plan is to hold games in the great capitals of the Orient every two years. The next games are to be held in Shanghai in 1915. Governor General W. Cameron Forbes of the Philippine Islands is the retiring president, and Dr. Wu Ting Fang of China is the president-elect.

ELWOOD S. BROWN,
Physical Director of the Manila Y. M. C. A.

Calisthenic drill by Filipino school children

*"Olympic"*

Japan wins the Marathon



Chow throwing the discus



A Philippine baseball player



Editorial Comment

The Issue

THE MOST IMPORTANT THING in the United States is brought out strongly by the contrast between two sentences recently printed and very generally read. The first is from a discussion of Mr. MORGAN's death in the most widely circulated American newspaper:

He helped to make competition ridiculous and obsolete—the best work of his day.

The other sentence is detached from President WILSON's "The New Freedom," in the "World's Work" for April:

I intend to interfere with monopoly just as much as possible.

Between the two economic ideas defined in these two sentences, there is in the United States at this moment a head-on collision. The cleavage, both in selfish interest and disinterested opinion, between these two ideas is as wide as the nation, and the question which shall prevail affects every individual in the most vital aspects of life. All the current issues of thought and discussion, including the protective tariff, are merely aspects of it, and the great bulk of the serious writing of the present period deals directly with it. As usual, there is a good deal of truth on both sides. We find it hard to believe that the experience of four thousand years of human history must be thrown on the scrap heap for an economic régime which is less than twenty years old and which has been largely bound up with one strong and dominant personality that has just passed from the world. On the other hand, we know that every invention, every advance in science, every perfecting addition to the telephone, for example, enlarges the area over which one able man can diffuse his efficiency; from which it follows that the stars in their courses fight for larger and larger units of industry. And of one thing we are most sure: the restoration of competition, so far as it may be brought about, will not be permitted to express itself in harsher conditions of life for the employed class. In the past, the intensity of competition has always expressed itself in the employer getting more out of labor for less money. Against that, the sentiment of the age has crystallized.

Resurgent Ohio

THERE COULD BE NO COMMENT more fitting upon the close of a period of paralyzing calamity than these two spontaneous expressions of a stricken community. The first placard was run off the presses of the local newspaper while the pressroom was still under water:

TO THE WORKMEN OF HAMILTON

Do not leave Hamilton. There are citizens here who will help you to get the money to rebuild and refurnish your homes; work will be plentiful; opportunity is nowhere greater than right here. In the days to come you will be proud to number yourself among those who stood by and helped to build the bigger, better, more prosperous Hamilton.

The second placard appeared in the window of Hamilton's leading bank, the floor of which was still littered with flood wreckage:

NOAH was six hundred years old before he learned to build the ark. Don't lose your grip.

Any poet or historian who seeks that intangible thing which KIPLING called the American spirit will find it here as nearly as it is possible to reduce it to words. These expressions came from typical American communities at a time when calamity had made them without consciousness of self or of others. The buoyant, uncalculating, slightly boastful optimism, and the humor that would have "matched with destiny for beers," even at a moment when destiny was in a pretty terrifying temper, are naïve, spontaneous, and native to America.

Panama "Policies"

THE FUNDAMENTAL QUESTION involved in the debate with England about our Panama Canal policy is one of honesty. That is the reason why Washington newspaper men so confidently report to their papers that President WILSON probably will declare himself in sympathy with England's interpretation of the Hay-Pauncefote Treaty, and will urge that free tolls for the boats of our coastwise trade should not be granted. Mr. WILSON at this writing has not expressed himself about the canal dispute, but only slight study of his character should be required to discover what this straight-thinking man may be expected to say about a proposal that the United States should repudiate a treaty for the profit of its coastwise shipping lines. Our word was given to England that in the matter of tolls at Panama all nations shall be treated alike. "All nations" means all nations, including ourselves. To think of discriminating in favor of our own commerce, and even between classes of this commerce, is as clear an idea as special privilege ever labored to write into the records of modern American diplomacy.

This Happened in 1913

SOUTH CAROLINA'S all-Democratic Legislature needs no brakes when it starts out to enact human-welfare laws. During its recent session Representative E. P. McCRAVEY introduced what in the Palmetto State was called a compulsory education bill. In its original form the bill provided that children between the ages of eight and thirteen should be sent to the public schools during the legal term, or the equivalent in private schools, "unless the labor of said children was necessary to their support." Anticipating strong opposition from legislators representing the manufacturing districts and some rural counties where education is regarded as one of the devil's artifices, Mr. McCRAVEY inserted a "local-option" clause. The proposed law was not to take effect in any county until after it was referred to the voters and approved by a majority; and in case a county as a unit favored the measure, but single precincts did not, the opposition precincts should be exempted. In that form the bill was about as near no bill at all as any cotton-mill owner could have wished for, but we have not told more than half the story. Before being finally passed upon, the bill had to go through the hands of a conference committee of Senators and Representatives. The age limit in the State's child-labor law was twelve years, and the committee promptly substituted "twelve" for "thirteen" in the McCravey bill. The original measure called for too much schooling to suit the conferees, and they revised the time limit down to three months. But even then the bill met with strong opposition from some quarters, and as a compromise the committee exempted Abbeville and Oconee Counties and the Spartanburg school district in Spartanburg County. After the bill had been rendered practically meaningless, the House and Senate passed it, but not without hearing it bitterly assailed. Representative E. L. LYBRAND, a preacher by profession, said:

I believe compulsory education is against the fundamental principles of our American democratic institutions.

This happened in the United States in the year 1913! Representative C. D. FORTNER, an insurance agent, objected because he "believed all men should have a right to control their own children." The bill found Governor BLEASE ready with his ax. He said in his veto message:

On the stump I opposed compulsory education. I promised there to veto any bill in regard to it, and I have always stood upon the platform on which I was elected.

And the Senate sustained the veto. Bleasism hinders enlightenment, and ignorance fosters Bleasism. The rest of the country pities you, South Carolina.

A Tie

FROM THAT VENERABLE GRANDFATHER of all standpat Republican papers, the Burlington (Iowa) "Hawkeye":

COLLIER'S is intensely Democratic in its leanings.

From the Democratic "Commercial Appeal" of Memphis, Tenn.:

COLLIER'S doesn't love a Democrat.

A joint debate between these two papers on the subject at issue would be diverting.



A Spade a Spade

FROM "Harper's Weekly":

These causes he declared to be industrial labor among women, and alcohol and blood diseases among men.

It had been our hope that the one conspicuously and very greatly valuable result (among many doubtful ones) from the recent frank discussion of social vice and sex would be to put the word syphilis into the vocabulary of common discussion. To have made it possible to speak as freely and accurately about this disease as about the much less terrible tuberculosis would have been a hygienic and moral milestone.

What Is Immoral?

IF A PLAY or a book or a form of amusement inflames the passions and encourages vice, it is immoral. If it makes sin repugnant and gives a reaction toward clean and wholesome living, it is moral, no matter with what subject it is dealing. This much few persons will dispute. And yet it is only within the last few weeks, and after the most elaborate maneuvering for a theatre, that BRIEUX's powerfully prophylactic play, "Damaged Goods," which we have previously mentioned, has been permitted to present in public its message, that the wages of sin is death. While for years, in every city in the country, from every music-hall stage, the message, thinly disguised if at all, has been sung and acted that immorality is a joke and the wages of sin is joy. There has recently appeared also in New York, as part of the Princess Theatre company's presentation of one-act plays, a short sketch entitled "Any Night." It is a painfully realistic picture of the sadness and sordidness of prostitution. It is not high art, nor does it give any sociological solution to the problem presented, but it would be a callous and flippant soul indeed who could leave this performance for that life of which it is a photograph. But what happens after the fall of the curtain on the typical musical show? Yet the pillars of society are complaining of "Any Night" because they say it is immoral. And if a similar play were put on in a popular-priced theatre for all the public to see, or in any city not a metropolis, the thunders and lightnings of righteous wrath would sweep it from the earth. In spite of the fact that the program especially suggested that daughters be left at home, parents say with horror that the young folks may drop in. Yet these same persons see schoolgirls and, worse yet, schoolboys flock to the nearest music-hall show by hundreds and never turn a hair. In the light of recent revelations of the connection between the police and immorality, it is not surprising that they should be loath to allow the truth to appear. What is amazing is that the good people of every city should make so slight an effort to put a stop to the stimulation of vice which is carried on by every device of music, color, and glittering seduction, and yet should combine in a complete conspiracy to keep from the young the truth about the sadness of immorality and the wages of sin. What a comment this is on the intelligence of the average middle-aged father!

Et Tu

MOST OF THE QUALITIES ascribed by romantic literature to womankind are merely universal human qualities brought out by the sex relation. How many men have trilled gay songs about the fickleness of the fair, only to admit solemnly the next day at a sociological meeting that "of course everyone knows that men are more polygamous than women!"

Had Been Drinking Hard

THIS EDITORIAL was printed in the excellent New Orleans "Item":

A young man, living in Shreveport, married only two weeks, found a playful note from his bride. He misinterpreted it, thought the meaning indicated that he had a rival. He hurried home, shot his wife to death and then killed himself. In explanation, his friends tell the newspaper people that on the morning of the tragedy he had been "drinking hard." Such temperance sermons are bitterly severe on those who preach them by their own example—but they are effective, if not upon individuals, upon the public conscience, which turns more and more from the attitude which condones the conditions under which such episodes occur.

Why didn't the newspaper people inquire further? Why didn't the "Item" send out one of its young reporters to find out exactly what brand of whisky caused this particular tragedy? To have printed a photograph of the owner of the brand—a citizen of Louisville, Ky., secure behind all those ramparts of respectability which wealth can build—would be a novel but perfectly possible and extremely useful departure in journalism.

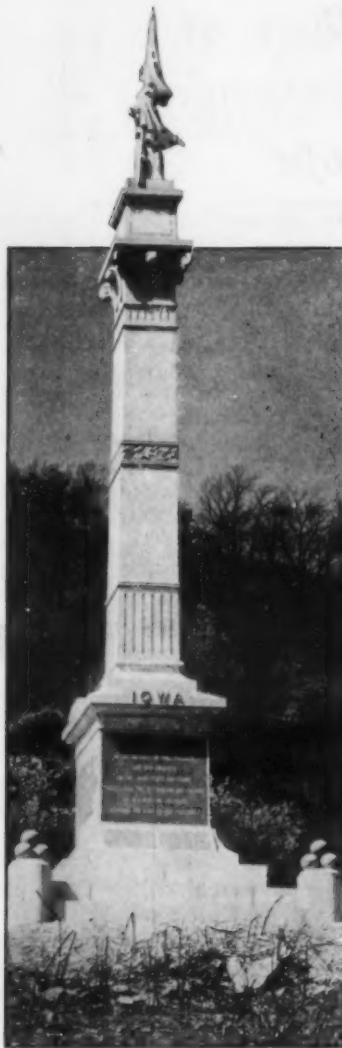
Cubist Skirts

GEORGE ELIOT'S Mrs. POYSER said: "There was no denying the women were fools; God made 'em to match the men," and one feels that on the whole the men must be pretty well suited, yet men all but always lack pleasure in women's clothes or candor in confessing that pleasure. We incline to believe it is candor that is wanting. The women in fifty years have given them a wide range of choice, but when were gibes and fulminations against the fashions wanting? Just now a Chicago divine has been adding to the general permanent chorus of disapproval. He says women's clothes to-day are outrageous and immoral. Immorality is a delicate but not difficult charge to prove against any clothes ever yet concocted for either sex. If the women took masculine immorality in that direction to heart, it is appalling to think of what they might say. The Mohammedan has done something to try and give his women a moral appearance, what with tying them up in clumsy bags and veiling their faces, but when you know there is a woman in the



King Barleycorn

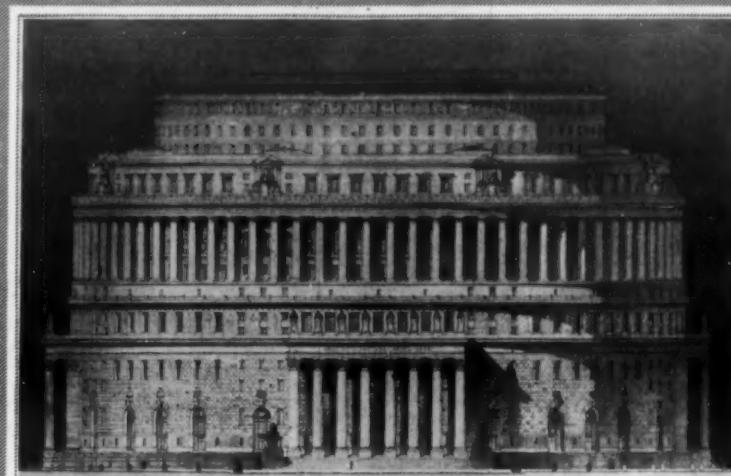
bag—may not even that knowledge be immoral to a perfectly pure mind? To the professionally pure, are not all things impure? A critic of more weight, Miss TARRELL, the foe of the Standard Oil, has been turning her guns passingly on the present cubistic clothes of her sex. She says they are absurd. Of course they are, but how few things are not absurd to the philosophic eye, and how ungrateful for a lady not to recognize all the ways in which the present fashions are a clear advance hygienically over any the Occident has seen since the days—a few of the days—of old Rome! The Roman ladies managed much of the time to be both as obscure and as unhygienic as anybody. Now skirts are short, consequently may be presumed to be clean; they are light, very light, in weight, and that is a great point; they are certainly narrow, but their defenders say with show of reason that they are easier to walk in than a full skirt of the least criticized length, a full skirt long enough to fairly hide the feet, yet too short to hold up: not an easy garment to steer through a high wind? Women who can remember going to business carrying trains in their hands (we can remember seeing them do it) ought to stand up for the most cubistic skirt ever built, even though it does seem to put the possibility of a pocket further off than ever; and even though some good heads doubt the wisdom of giving a vote to a sex without a pocket.



Commemorating Chattanooga Battles

ON the battle fields of Chattanooga more than 2,000 memorials have been erected, all since 1890. This new one contributed by Iowa is not more imposing than many other recent monuments, and there is a great variety of markers, historical tablets, and observation towers. This year the United Confederate Veterans and the association of Sons of Confederate Veterans are to hold reunions in Chattanooga, May 27, 28, and 29, and the fields of the battles of Lookout Mountain, Orchard Knob, Chickamauga, and Missionary Ridge, all of which may be included in the battles of Chattanooga, probably will be viewed again by no less than 50,000 persons.

New Towers and Temples



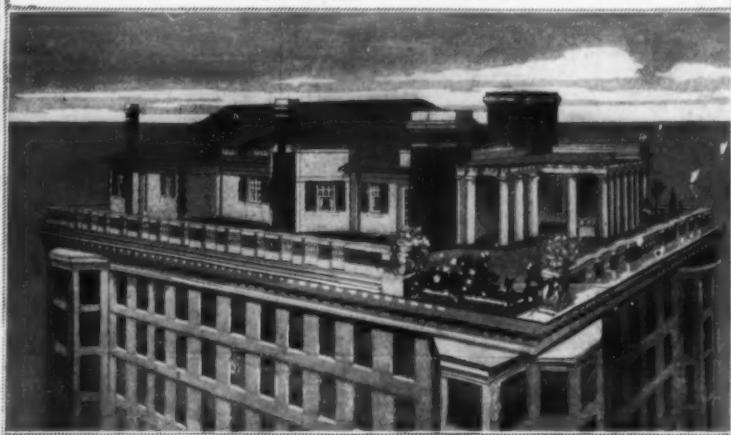
New York's "Coliseum-Like" Courthouse

THE largest courthouse in the world, one of so novel a design that critics scarcely know how to describe it unless as "Coliseum-like," is to be built in New York City. Circular form, the architect says, will economize space and afford better natural lighting and ventilation. In the outer walls of the structure there are to be fifty-one court rooms. The estimated cost of the work is \$10,000,000.



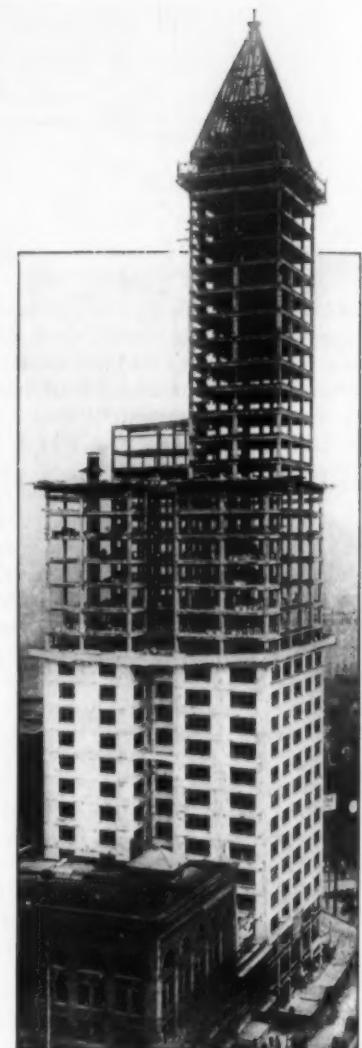
A Memorial to Thomas Jefferson

OF the many recent tokens of the popularity of Thomas Jefferson, the most substantial one undoubtedly is the handsome Jefferson Memorial Building dedicated in St. Louis, Mo., April 30. The building is 330 feet long and 60 feet in height. A central feature of the memorial is a statue of Jefferson in Italian marble, by Karl Bitter. The Daughters of the American Revolution conducted the exercises.



A Bungalow on the Ninth Story

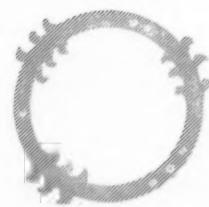
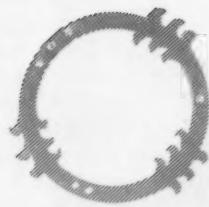
A CHICAGO architect is to build for his own use a ten-room bungalow on the roof of an eight-story apartment house. The yard is to be a genuine roof garden, with vines, trees, and shrubs; and the bungalow is to have white cement walls, a roof of green slate and corner facings of red brick. On the side overlooking Lake Michigan an Italian pergola is to be built to serve as a summer dining room.



The West's Tallest Skyscraper

IF there were some way to disqualify New York City from competition, America's tallest skyscraper would be the L. C. Smith Building in Seattle. The steel work for this structure now is all in place and the tip of the tower reaches a level 461½ feet (the equivalent of 42 stories) above the street. Counting none but the floors that extend the full width of the tower, there are 35 stories.

Even in New York this building would stand conspicuous among the tallest. Only five of Manhattan Island's renowned skyscrapers—the Woolworth, the Metropolitan, and the Singer towers, the Bankers' Trust, and the new Municipal Building—would boast a greater height.





*King George's Hearse
a Gun Carriage*

FROM the moment the coffin of King George of Greece was placed upon the gun carriage that served as a hearse, volleys of rifle shots were fired every minute until the interment. Sailors drew the gun carriage to the burial grounds. In this, the first photograph of the funeral to reach America, King Constantine is beside the Dowager Queen on the cathedral steps at Athens. The reigning Queen walks behind them.

*Mrs. Pankhurst Drives
to New Lodgings*

WHEN this cab stopped before Holloway Jail, London, Mrs. Emmeline Pankhurst, militant leader of the English suffragettes, emerged and entered, sentenced to prison for three years—relieved by holidays for "hunger strikes." The charge was that she had been urging her followers to commit arson. So many cases of arson are being blamed upon the militants that a headline writer has described them as "arsonettes."

*A Miscellany of
New Photographs
from Europe*



Seeking Airship Secrets

WHEN the German war balloon Z4, driven out of its course by the wind on a trial trip, was forced to make a landing at Lunéville, France, the French garrison lost no time in making a thorough inspection of the huge Zeppelin's construction. Whether they discovered important secrets is unknown. The humiliation felt by the crew of the largest and newest ship of Germany's aerial navy was evidently considerable.



Pickups & Putts

By Grantland Rice



"Here They Come—There They Go"

THERE is one game no man can beat—the Game of Youth, refereed by old Doc Time.

Last April, a year ago, 144 regulars went to the post on starting day upon sixteen major league clubs.

In the April start just passed 108 of these still remained; 36 had gone back to the Bushes or the bench; 75 per cent fought their way into another year; 25 per cent fell before the smash of the Game whose one iron law is the "survival of the fittest."

There was one change to five clubs; two changes to five clubs; three changes to three clubs, and four changes to three clubs.

Next April another 144 will go to the post—but not the same 144 which started the present campaign. There will be another 36 to leave and a new 36 to come in and take their places.

The speed, the drive, the smash of the game leave only the few who can face the wear and tear of many seasons. Of those who were regulars six years ago this May, less than 20 per cent remain in big-league harness. The Wagners, the Mathewsons, the Lajoies, the Walshes fill up the sporting pages where the fame of the game seems to be endless. The other 80 or 90 per cent have their day or their year or two—and then fill up the Bushes. What other profession loses 80 per cent of its roster every five years of service?

As the Call Bell Rings

"Many are called" through the strife and stress—
But only a few get up and dress.

The Six Musketeers

Ability to bat .300 is always an Open Sesame into the spacious Rotunda of Swat.

But ability to pound out 200 hits in a season deserves a vastly larger medal.

Out of 400 entries in the two big leagues last season there were six people—1½ per cent—capable of producing 200 or more hits. In the order of their harvesting they were: Cobb, 227 hits; Jackson, 226; Speaker, 222; Zimmerman, 207; Sweeney (Boston), 204; Baker, 200.

The year before there were only three 200-hit people in the realm. They were Cobb, 248; Jackson, 233; Crawford, 217. Cobb that season reaped a record harvest.

No man saw Cobb balk at terms this spring with keener regret than Jackson. As the Georgian's most palpitating pursuer, he believed that 1913 would yield him the laurel at last.

In the last three years—up to 1913—these two have fought it out beat to beat in a batting duel that has been a thing of beauty and a joy for six months.

The count between them over the two-and-a-half-year course now stands:

	A.B.	Hits	Average
COBB	1653	671	.406
JACKSON	1218	488	.401

Cobb led Jackson the two full seasons, but the Cleveland wonder remains as the only ball player in the game with a batting average above .400 covering his complete career of big-league service.

Which recalls the fact that once unleashed there is still a Mr. Baker in the offing with the proper knack of applying wood to horsehide at closely populated moments. Don't count the Trappe Terror out of it until the last returns are in.

Fable

Once upon a time we lamped the serene features of a past contender who had been a has-been for some time, but who had no alibi to offer and who expressed neither desire nor intent to "come back."

Apparently he was quite satisfied that he had reached the end of the trail and was content to stay put.

Moral—His name was Rameses II of the Mummy League.

Lest Ye Forget

(The Segment of a Drama)

1906

JIGGS DONOHUE—Hailed as the greatest first baseman of the game; star player and most vital force upon Chicago White Sox Cub-conquering world's championship machine.

1909

Jiggs Donohue—Released.

1913

Jiggs Donohue—Dead for five weeks and no one knew it: five weeks in his grave before the sporting pages which called him king knew that he had passed along.

Epilogue

WHEN in your vaunted pride you hear
The roaring welcome of the stands,
The unleashed hero-tinted cheer,
The echo of applauding hands,
Lift up your head above all men—
Think how these thousands worship you—
Go to it—eat it, pal—and then
Remember Donohue.

When headlines on the Printed Page
Rate you the Ruler of the Field—
The war god of a golden age
That reels before your lance and shield—
Take in the boost of voice and pen,
Say, "Here, at last, I've drawn my due"—
Swell with the thrill of it—and then
Remember Donohue.

What is there left to curb you now?
The world is at your steel-shod feet,
The laurel grips your clammy brow
Where no man comes who might compete;
So lift your beaker up again,
Nor turn to Time's remorseless cue—
Here's how—Cobb, Matty, Walsh—and then
Drink one to Donohue.

Yes, Why Not?

It is announced that wrestling is pointing toward an early and popular revival.

Why not? Outside of the fact that nine-tenths of it is a frame-up and three-fifths of the residue is soggy and stale, it's one of our greatest and cleanest little sports.

A Yarn in Bogey

In winter I dreamed of the proper gripping—the sweep of the wrist and arm;
I saw my handicap slipping, slipping—dreaming myself to form;
I saw myself as another Evans—Vardon, or Ball, or Braid—
As I hid myself 'neath the April heavens—out where the game is played—
With a heart as keen as the rolling green or the slash of a niblick's blade.

Was my form intact, with the deep traps yawning—
form I had dreamed to thrill?
Was my skill around, which I once had fauving—
slave to my Godlike will?
Why tell of the ways that I shamed the turtle—of
shots that I tapped or pied—
For to-day I am taking a sprig of myrtle to the grave
of a caddie that died—
A caddie who, seeing my game, became a "prominent suicide."

Boy, Page Mr. A. Duffer

(We have a bit of pleasant news for him)

Donald Ross, the Scottish Pro. who has laid out sixty-two golf courses, tells us that the process of trapping and bunkering has only begun.

"Five years from now," he says, "the present number of traps and hazards will be almost doubled."

Which enters us as a prophet with no great honor attached in framing the typical golf course for 1918:

HOLE 1—The tee here will be placed at the bottom of a deep bunker, inlaid with rocks and scrap iron, where the first shot calls for a niblick carry of 197 yards. The first shot must be holed out, for the cup will be guarded by traps that Ed Walsh couldn't throw out of.

HOLE 2—The drive here will be across a ravine stocked with unfed grizzly bears for a mental hazard where a neat carry of 319 yards, played with a cut to stick upon a space four feet square, will give you a mid-iron shot of 277 yards to the green, where to penalize a short approach a carload of guncotton has been planted in front of the flag.

HOLE 3—This is considered an ideal hole in every way. Your tee shot must be played from directly back of the tee box with the caddie sitting on the ball. The cup here is placed in the top of a tall oak. If you hole out you win the hole but lose the ball, as the tree is too big to be climbed.

(Description of holes 4 to 19 furnished upon written application.)

Though It Be "Running Wild"

And then again fools rush around and score the winning run where angels are among those "left on bases."

Are We Right or Wrong?

As we understand the International Polo situation—which isn't a skull full—England has a far better quartet than she sent over in 1911, while America's entry is the same.

As the 1911 scoring was nip and tuck—not to say tuck and nip—we deduce without a brain flag that America must unravel a much better brand of polo to win.

England's improvement is rated by the experts at something like 30 per cent.

Can America's Big Four advance that far? Possibly—and then again possibly not. The search is on us.

Form

"Form," wrote one who knew the trail, "is the brief interval between getting ready and going stale."

Yet such is the widespread egotism of humanity that each contender takes that one flash of top form—the "brief interval" between the interminable ones—and straightway brands it as his "game."

And through the barren stretch before and after-nine-tenths of the course—whether it be baseball, football, golf, tennis, or what, he mourns the fact and curses the Fate that he is "off his game."

Listening to the endless buzz of this one overpowering alibi, one can only think what a wealth of material Harvard has from which to select her entry for the Chair of Humor. The line is endless—and eternal.

The Ultimate in Something

Cubist picture of a Duffer attempting to play out of the trap guarding the eighteenth green at Garden City.

On-Side Kicks

In the alibi of the Unplayable Lie—the accent is generally on the "lie."

There are also times when a Wide Detour is the shortest distance between the start and the finish.

It's well enough at times to "look before you leap"; but it's better still to learn the Trail and concentrate on the jump.

The bloke who stuck to a crooked game because there was no other sort in town was a wise fish compared to the guy who stuck because he thought the deal was straight.



Illustrated by
Sarah S. Stilwell-Weber

THIS IS the first story by an American girl of whom Seumas MacManus has said that she is the only outsider of the day who understands the "Old Country."

YOU who know Ireland, with its humor, its poetry, its fancies, aye, and its sorrow, must search for it in the hearts of the simple people and in those places far removed from the tourists' route—Blarney Castle, Killarney, and the Causeway. It is up among the hills where you will find the real Ireland—where every hollow brims with fairy lore; and you can hear the old women, as they sit weaving their homespun, tell the tales of Cuculain, Flon, Goll, and Blessed St. Bridhe. Hunger often sits on the thresholds of the cabins and loneliness upon the hearthstones. But you will find the people merry of tongue, with hearts of children; laying their sorrow with their dead—away from overcurious or unfriendly eyes. Out on the moorland, should you let your fingers steal through the heather until they press the warm earth—be like you would feel them throb with all the mystery and misery that lies beneath. So—wondering, listening, growing closer to the hearts of the hill people—you will come at last to love this Ireland with great, unquestioning love.

The Lonely Man came into Ireland with the summer. The blackbirds piped him up the road from Donegal, and left him beside the Lazy Bush; while they flew on, across the meadows, to search for whortleberries on Binn Ban. It was Bridget-of-the-Many-Curls who named him the Lonely Man; and it was remembered by the people of Carn-na-ween long after his real name had been forgotten.

He stood beside the Lazy Bush, watching the fishing fleet at sea, when Bridget took him by the hand.

"Come, we'll be goin' to see Paddy the Gander. Sure, there's no sense in stayin' lonely."

THE man looked at her sharply—she stood all unconscious of his look, digging her brown toes into the dust. How had she guessed his loneliness? he wondered. Did every stranger who chanced to pass him by see it? Did they know that life had been so meager with him—giving him abundantly of the things he held as valueless, and then had left him, still hungering for a friend? What was wealth and social rank and a place in the public eye compared to the secret of human kinship, which he had never found? Did the world guess that he had lived an alien among his own people? He smiled bitterly; then saw the proffered fellowship in Bridget's eyes, and tenderness took the place of bitterness.

"Why do you call him Paddy the Gander?"

"Because he be's mindin' the geese. See, yondther's him, now."

She pointed a wet forefinger to the hilltop—a long way beyond—where a figure, black against the setting sun, was driving a flock of geese along the sky line. Both figure and geese looked wraithlike.

"Is he real?"

"Aye, he be's real entirely. But he has the second sight—the man—an' many's the time he does be speakin' wi' the faeries."

"You don't believe in faeries, Bridget?" The Lonely Man wished the question back the moment he had asked it.

"Aye, but I do. If ye don't—maybe ye'd not be comin' to see Paddy the Gander;" and Bridget turned from him.

He caught her hand and held it fast, fearing that he might lose her because of his foolishness.

"It is Paddy that I want to see. Why should I come to Ireland if I don't believe in faeries?"

"Hurry, then," was the answer, "or we'll no catch him in the night."

"Why? It's early yet."

"That's the why!" And Bridget pulled him after her on the sun-baked road toward Paddy and the geese.

Silently they climbed the foothill of Binn Ban, swinging themselves around, every now and again, to get their breath and watch the fishing boats. Bridget

Paddy the Gander

By Ruth Sawyer

of-the-Many-Curls was lithe and swift of foot. Her cheeks were touched with pink, like the daisies; her eyes blue as her own Irish skies, and her hair was the color of the rowan berries, just before they ripen. One pink-flowered garment clothed her—fastened the length with a marvelous assortment of pins: brass, black-headed, colored, and safety. The garment stopped above her ankles, and was bordered with mud, torn with briars. She had "turned thirteen," she told the Lonely Man; and, barring Johnnie, who fathered them all, she was the oldest of eight children. The Lonely Man climbed wearily and his eyes were gray as clouds heavy with rain.

"Tell me about Paddy," he said, when they had climbed half the way.

"There's naught to tell. He does be livin' in a wee house by himself, wi' no kin, nor cat, nor beast; but the geese, just."

"He's not married, then?"

"Och, never! Sure, the grown ones do be sayin' he's a bit touched; but I'm thinkin' he's no different from us, barrin' the sight."

A COIN jingled on the stones at their feet. The man picked it up—it was a penny—and Bridget held out her hand for it, crimsoning.

"It's for Paddy," she said, shyly. "It's grand luck to be givin' Paddy a penny. Jamie Dolan brought him one this day week, an' his granda took him to the fair to Ballyshammy the next day. An' Highle O'Sullivan's cow got well the night he give Paddy the thru-penny bit."

"Why is it lucky?"

"That's the why! Hi, Paddy, are ye there?"

At the sound of Bridget's small, shrill voice a regiment of long necks stretched themselves out of the grass, and Paddy's gray geese honked them a welcome.

"He'll be beyond them, on the turf," said Bridget; and he was.

The Lonely Man saw him seated on a stack, pulling a piece of heather between his fingers. He was a small wisp of a man in homespun rags. His hair covered his head like a gray thatch; but from under it peered a child face, aye, a face younger than Bridget's, although line crossed line on forehead and chin, and the skin was brown and withered. The eyes were full of far-away dreams; the mouth showed firmness and a great contentment.

"It's a brave evenin'. God's blessin' on ye!" was his greeting. And then to Bridget, who was thrusting aside two overfriendly geese: "Whist, wee one, don't ye be knockin' the childher."

The Lonely Man sat down on a stack of turf opposite Paddy; Bridget curled up at his feet, and Paddy smiled at them both over the heather.

"They do say hard times ha' come to Carn-na-ween; but I'm thinkin' 'twill not be so."

Bridget's face sobered. "Did ye hear—they may be takin' Barney McDulrmuid to the workhouse; an' Teig Dougherty's two months short in his rent. Ye don't think the Marquis will have him evicted, do ye, Paddy?"

"He cannot. There's them that will stay his hand. Aye, if hard times come, I'm not doubtin' the empty meal chests will be filled an' gold given to all that speak well o' them."

THREE was mystery in Paddy's tone. The stranger's mind had lost the trail; he was plainly puzzled.

"How will the chests be filled?" he asked.

"How—but the same as Biddy Molloy's in the famine year. Don't ye mind how Biddy—the creature—had plenty o' meal an' to spare, while the rest o' the neighbors were hangin' the kettle but once in the day, that scarce was the food?"

Bridget nodded impressively. "Aye, 'tis the thruth, an' all he's tellin' ye. 'Twas the faeries."

In spite of himself the Lonely Man laughed. It was delightfully absurd to be sitting on a hill in Ireland, soberly discussing faeries with a child and a half wit.

"It is very kind of them," he said; "but tell me, why do they do it? I always thought the faeries were the wanton souls that God cursed and threw out of heaven forever."

"Whist, man! They may be hearin' ye. 'Tis a lie

they are cursed for all time! Hark ye." Paddy rose, looked furtively about him, and then came close to the stranger. His words were whispered cautiously. "Do ye not mind there are fewer now than when I was a lad? A father must forgive his childher, an' I'm thinkin' God's takin' them back one by one. 'Tis the faeries are knowin' all the souls they help on earth will be carryin' a prayer, yondther, for them when they die. That's the why they fill the chests an' give the gold."

He ran his fingers nervously through his gray thatch for a moment; while, with burning eyes, he studied the face of the Lonely Man.

"Maybe—ye might be fetchin' a prayer for them yerself, some day. Maybe—"

Paddy's mind slipped suddenly back into its old grooves. Child and stranger faded from his consciousness and were forgotten. He scanned the sky speculatively.

"It will be near six—an' there's stirabout an' a wee egg wi' the tea. I could be tellin' when the crickets sang on the hearth i' the spring 'twould be a grand year for Paddy: wi' turf an' tea to last till Whit-sundae again. Aye, an' corn aplenty for the childher," and he shook his stick at the gray geese.

Still unmindful of the others, and talking to himself, he herded the geese; and drove them before him to the cabin, which stood by itself on the slope of Binn Ban. Penning them in their small yard, he brought them measures of corn and fresh water; he gave them a final admonition to be "good childher," and disappeared inside his cabin.

"Come," said Bridget, "I'll be fetchin' ye to see the quarries an' the house o' Biddy Molloy—it's furninst."

THEY walked over a mile of moorland to a crumblin', thatchless cabin. It had been deserted for twenty years; but the turf ashes from the last burning lay on the hearth, and the worm-eaten chest that the fairies had filled stood in one corner. They were merry—the two of them—as Bridget retold the tale. But when they reached the quarries her face grew sober for the second time that afternoon.

"There's some talk o' the Marquis closin' them. Patrick Baron—him as is the agent—says the Marquis has had divil a penny out o' them this twelve-month. If the quarries close the lads hereabouts will be goin' to America; for there's not a stroke o' work to be had for the thrampin'; not from here to Cork. My brother Johnnie will be one to go, an'

"Why do you call him Paddy the Gander?" "Because he be's mindin' the geese. See, yondther's him."



Rose McNeil's Tom; aye, and a lad to every cabin in Carn-na-ween. Hard times do be creepin' mortal close, I'm thinkin';" and Bridget shivered.

Twilight lingers late in Ire'and, like a wakeful child. It was nine, and bright overhead, when they passed Paddy's house on their way down the brae to the village. A light was burning inside; and Bridget—with finger to her lips—drew the Lonely Man to the uncurtained window.

"Whist!" she whispered.

PEERING in, they could see Paddy, with a heather-brush broom, busily sweeping the hearth. They could hear him crooning, while he worked, an old Gaelic song which his forefathers might have sung when they were rulers in the land. The air of it was haunting—full of minor cadences and heart-throbs—and Paddy set his work to the rhythm of it. He swung the kettle on the crook; he stacked the fire fresh, and drew from out the wall a small table, placing it close to the hearth. From the dresser he brought mugs and bowls filled with milk and stir-about; and then, a platter of soda bread. He arranged these with great care on the table—stood a moment as if to make sure nothing had been forgotten—then blew out the light, and vanished between the curtains of his out-shot bed.

The Lonely Man pulled Bridget by the arm. "Whom does he expect?"

"No one at all, at all, but the faeries, just."

"The faeries?"

"Aye, every night he gets the wee things ready for them. Jamie Dolan says many's the time, when he does be passin' late o' the night, he hears more than a hunthred feet in there—keepin' step to the pipers' music. Come, we'll be goin'."

The Lonely Man stayed on in Carn-na-ween. Each day he climbed, from the crossroads to Binn Ban. Sometimes Bridget was waiting for him, and hand in hand they went up the hill together. But more

often he climbed alone—and sat the day out on the moorland with Paddy the Gander. Whenever it chanced that Paddy was away from home, he searched the country over till he found him: curled up in the shelter of a thorn bush, or a patch of cotton grass, sunning himself. It grew to be a custom for these two to take their noon meal together, the Lonely Man bringing it from the inn in a small willow creel. Bit by bit, Paddy led him into the secret ways of friendship; all unwittingly binding his heart to theirs of Carn-na-ween. Through Paddy's eyes he grew to know the "neighbors"; and a time came when the Lonely Man went down the hill at night and found children watching for him from the doorways. Lads greeted him as a friend; and the grannies smiled and nodded over their sprigging, and wished him "a brave day on the morrow"; until his heart sang with the joy of a home coming, and the long hunger left him.

PADDY always stayed upon his hill. Mass brought him down to the village on Sundays; but otherwise, he was never seen there except at a wake, or on some urgent errand of mercy. The elders came to him for wise counseling; leaving a gift behind them on the threshold of his cabin: after the manner of the peasants of the East, who fill the begging bowls of their holy men.

There were days when Paddy seemed to forget the Lonely Man as soon as his greeting was given. The man sank away into the background of bog and rising hill; while Paddy drifted back to his dreams or talked with the "childher." These days were rare, however. Usually he watched eagerly for him—laughing like a merry child when he saw the stranger turn the end of the road. And once when he failed to come—it was a day of storm, and rain

and wind beat over the moorland—Paddy herded the "childher" and went down to the village to find him. Every house on the street he entered, speaking to no one. But he counted the figures about each hearth, and every strange face he scanned intently. It was not until the very last that he thought of the inn. The Lonely Man looked up from a comfortable fire and saw him, rain soaked and dejected, standing in the doorway.

PADDY'S lips trembled: "I thought ye might ha' died or gone away. Sure, ye wouldn't be doin' that—would ye—without ye said 'good-by' to Paddy first?"

A few days after this, as they sat together on the hill, the Lonely Man saw the flash of Bridget's pink dress on the road leading from the quarries. In another moment she was upon them, breathless.

"They've closed them, an' the lads are bein' paid off for the last time. Teig Dougherty's fell the length o' the old pit, and his legs is pulp! He'll never work again, I'm thinkin'; an' God knows who'll keep his childher. Every mother's son o' them say they'll be takin' the first boat to America. If Johnnie goes, we'll starve—that's all—for there's not a shillin' at home to feed us after he's gone. Curse the Marquis! Aye, curse him, curse him!" And Bridget flung herself down upon the heather, sobbing.

The Lonely Man reached out to comfort her, but Paddy stopped him.

"There's many a fair day ye'd spoil, man, if ye held the rain back at night. Best let her be; and go ye down to the neighbors an' tell them Paddy was

(Continued on page 37)



The Girl Who Proposed

By Marianne Gauss



ITHIS IS especially a sincere and touching love story, but it is also a character story, and, in a very human way, it touches a very human problem.

LOUISE and Dan were walking home together. His married sister had so arranged it, saying: "If I let anyone else take you, he'd never forgive me, Louise. He's seen you scarcely a moment alone since you came back."

They passed the tiny, new cottage to which Joe, their old high-school mate, had recently taken his bride; and the young husband and wife were just going in, home from a theatre. A laugh fluttered backward into the night, there was a

flash of lamplight in the pink hall; then the door closed.

Dan and Louise had always been thought lovers, like Mabel and Joe. People sometimes wondered, in the college town, why they too didn't marry—there seemed no reason for waiting, since Louise was quite an heiress. But some understood how Dan might feel.

In the deep porch of the hotel at which she lived, she paused, looking down at him. He was careworn, and there was some gray on his temples. Gray, at thirty!—it hurt her. "You didn't show me any new stars to-night, Dan."

"I don't go stargazing as much as I did."

SHE thought there was bitterness in the tone, and impulsively putting her hand out, touched his sleeve. "Don't let the dream go, Dan."

"I've got no dream, Louise. I was just thinking—I have to go down to Wheatland in a day or so, and

boost for the college. They'd rather have me boost than hunt stars."

That afternoon his sister had spoken bitterly of his lot in life. "Why must the youth be crushed out of Dan? He could have been a great man."

"Yes, a great man," Louise had assented, softly.

"But he'll probably have to fag away here till Henry's children are grown. It isn't, of course, as if they were his own. That would make all the difference on earth."

SOME years before, Dan's brother had deserted his family. The old lady took the children—which meant that Dan was breadwinner. It was hard; but if Louise had not seen him bravely shoulder this burden, for the honor of his house, something would have been lost out of her life; for then she could not have loved him quite as she did.

Her eyes shone on him. "But they'll surely give you the chair of astronomy. Didn't Hall get a better place?"

"Of course; he's been offered the big observatory on the coast. But I'll not get his job—my diploma won't do."

"Diploma! After the real work you have done! After your finding a star, and your part in Hall's book!"

He winced. "Oh, don't, Louise!" And she bent over him. Her forehead—the wide, low brow of the man—was very white below her brown hair. "Are you very tired, Dan?"

"No, just my eyes." He took off his glasses.

"Do you rub them as I showed you? I mean the way I used to do father's?" Still bending down as women do over their little children she laid her fingers on his eyes. They were soft, cool fingers, with the sentient tips that the fingers of women acquire nursing the sick.

"Louise, I want to tell you something."

The mother feeling left her. Flushing brightly, she laid her head back against the sill of the deep window.

And now, it was Dan's face that bent above hers. It underwent a change, becoming unlike his patient, quiet face. His eyes darkened, all his features sharpened, and especially his thin, rather ascetic mouth was altered. He grew quite pale.

Louise held her breath an instant to quiet herself,

for her breast heaved and her heart had grown quick. She felt the woman's instinct to parry and defend, and the little laugh of her mood was flung out to him almost defiantly.

But when the eagerness went from his face, leaving it gray, patient, and disappointed, tears came to her eyes. Then he took her hands suddenly. They were very small woman hands, covered with the rings her father used always to be buying for her. The stones in them hurt her as Dan crushed her hands with his.

"What did you want to tell me?" she asked.

"Something I've no right in the world to say. You know—surely—that I'm always wanting to tell you things—everything, as if—as if you were my sister."

"Good night, Dan," Louise said, turning away.

She went in, down a hall from which opened vistas with gilding, velvet, and rubber plants. The elevator she entered was in charge of a buttoned and braided mulatto youth. It was a new hotel, built like those in the city. And it seemed magnificent in the college town—just as Louise here was considered a young woman of great wealth.

She went softly by the room in which her middle-aged cousin was asleep and, entering her own, locked the door between.

It is an excitement to a girl to look at herself in the glow of a man's love for her. There is something rosy in the light, and something unreal, like that on a stage; it makes her strange to herself. Louise felt that she must be quiet and think. She threw off her coat, then her white dress.

WITH her face hot and pink, her eyes sparkling, she was for the moment beautiful—like Agnes, who had flesh and color and charm. Agnes was Dan's foster sister, the daughter of his mother's oldest friend. And though Louise had loved Dan so long, she had somehow always expected him to care for Agnes, who was wonderful to men.

Laying her arms—round, white, young arms—on the window sill, Louise bowed her flushed face against them. Overhead, the dark sky was powdered over with stars, somewhere among them Dan's own star.

When she put out her light and lay down, she could not sleep; so she rose and walked to the window. In the house next door the wife had just died, and the cry of a young child came through the night. The dead girl had been very gay and gifted—Louise had loved her violin. But May married a book-keeper, joyfully accepting his poverty, then motherhood, pain, death. If she had known all, would she have denied herself to him?

"It would have made no difference with her," Louise thought, all aglow, at her heart. It began to seem clear to her what she herself must do. She stood thinking till she decided just what she would write to Dan, then turned on her light.

IN A GLASS, nearly withered, were some flowers he had sent on her birthday. She sat down by them to write.

She had meant to say: "Dan, I feel sure my money has been standing between us." But now: "I will not speak of my money at all," she thought—for it seemed to belittle her love. So she wrote: "Dan, dear, I'm telling you something many people would think I ought to hide. But they are wrong. Even if you don't care for me, I shall never be sorry, you know."

She honestly believed she would not be sorry.

"I love you." Having written these words, she read them and was glad—the thing had ached so to be said. She could scarcely wait for him to know she loved him. Her pen rushed on saying things which afterward she could scarcely remember. "I trust you," she finished. "I know you will be honest with me. You would never pretend."

After sealing the letter she began to feel that she would not like him to receive it at his own home. His letters were always laid on the luncheon table, and Agnes would be at the meal. "I'll send it to Wheatland," thought Louise.

He would then be quite alone when he took it from the office; and he would not see her till he returned to take his classes on Monday morning.

The plan pleased her. Yet, in her excitement, she could not bear to defer the posting of her letter—she feared her courage would fail. And putting on her long coat, she went out.

There was dim light on the green velvet of the long, unhomelike hall, with a strip of white canvas down its center, and silence, and a shut-up, musty smell. Passing her cousin's door, Louise had a guilty feeling, for she knew Cousin Martha would seriously disapprove.

The street into which she stepped at last was bright with electricity, but very quiet. She drew back, not to be seen by a young man who was entering the hotel; he was one who wished to marry her for her money.

As the letter left her fingers, sliding into the box at the corner, she felt a little frightened. "Ought I have done it?" she said aloud. But when she was alone again in her room, it was very plain to her that she had been right.

She woke very happy, and during the forenoon her thoughts were pleasant. They dwelt part of the time on her money. This was to set Dan free, she knew just what she would do!

He should go to the college board and demand the place he deserved. If he did that, promising to resign else, Louise felt sure they would not let him go—they needed him. And when classes were closed in the summer he should not do institute work; he should write his book.

IT SEEMED to her a glad thing to be rich.

After luncheon she went to walk. And when she turned a corner near the hotel, she came on Agnes and Dan with his sister. For some reason, Louise at once recalled a hurt Dan had given her the year before. It was when he was very ill and his salary stopped, he would not let Louise lend him a penny, but was quite willing that Agnes should throw into the family treasury her whole salary as a post-office clerk. Even now, remembering this, Louise felt a sting of pain.

Agnes ran to her and joyfully squeezed her hand. "We've got a perfectly gorgeous piece of news, Louise! Dan's got the appointment to the Coast Observatory!" With that she turned her eyes on him—lovely eyes, such joy and pride in the blue of them!

"You don't take it in, Louise—the big place with a scrumptious salary, the one they offered Hall. He can't, he's going to Carlsbad for his health. Chalmers made them offer it to Dan; he said he'd withdraw his gift else. You see, he's a *real scientist*. He wanted a worth-while man, not a dinky little diploma!"

At this—from Agnes, who didn't know Orion from the chair—Dan made a playful snatch at her hand. The blue eyes grew like stars, twinkling, yet soft; and Dan's all at once seemed like lakes, just for them.

Agnes had eyes which were always meeting a man's. But Louise felt her heart begin to beat very rapidly.

"He doesn't need my money," she thought. "He has done it all himself." And she did not answer his smile of triumph.

"Didn't you know?" Agnes cried. "I thought you overheard us one day, Dan and me. We were talking at Marian's, and you came in. Didn't you see how suddenly we stopped?" Louise flinched as if she had been struck. "We'd been hoping and praying for drys," Agnes continued. "Yesterday we gave up, Dan said he'd no chance. But late last night the blessed telegram came." She sighed and leaned on Dan's hand; then they two seemed to draw apart.

So—Louise thought—she had made a mistake? It was about Agnes he had wanted to tell her?

"It means so much!" Marian exulted; "work he loves, a home of his own—everything to Dan."

Agnes stood with her back to a tree, and her bright hair crumpled by the sunny wind. "But they give Dan a salary and a house!" she coquettishly. Agnes coquettled with all men, perhaps because nearly all she had known had been would-be lovers. She went on: "Now, his mother says she means to stay here with the children. Whatever will Dan do with a house?" She flashed him another look, putting her hand to her hair.

AND all at once, in a flash, Louise saw and knew. Agnes had chosen Dan at last. And Dan had wanted her—always wanted her.

Marian sighed, softly. "It's so good, and we're all so thankful that his luck turned just at this time." She paused, for a woman they all knew was going by.

Agnes and Marian followed the woman with their eyes, smilingly. Louise understood the glances they exchanged; she had heard them talk of this acquaintance the day before. Marian had remarked: "She liked my husband pretty well once." Louise threw in, rather sharply: "Why, how do you know?" And Dan's sister had responded, guilelessly: "Why, Rob told me. How did you suppose?"

Now, Louise glanced at Agnes. And a curious flash of vision came to her, a flare of the imagination, which, she felt, was prophetic and real. She seemed to see Agnes as a few years would make her middle-aged, complacent, handsome—though perhaps a trifle overplump—a child on her lap, with Dan's eyes. And she knew how this middle-aged Agnes would say:



"We've got perfectly gorgeous news, Louise! Dan's got the appointment to the Coast Observatory!"

"Louise liked my husband pretty well once." The thing was almost as clear as if it took place before her.

"But," she thought, "Dan would never tell her."

WOULD he not tell his wife? There are hours of intimacy when secrets slip, and passionate moments—then, men seem strangely brutal, ruthless of all women save their own. They will not, at these times, keep faith.

And at best, about some matters, the woman is always conscience keeper.

"He would not betray a girl's confidence to me!" Louise said to herself. "He would not dare."

Perhaps he would not, together he and she had set up a high standard of honor for men. But Agnes's husband—though he were a man like Dan—would surely betray other women to her.

LOUISE ceased to hear what was said; and to think, from her self-betrayal. Somehow she must get her letter again.

Suddenly she heard Agnes say: "Come, Marian." "No, sir, not you!" the girl added with her little proprietary air—Agnes had, always, that way with men. "You may walk home with Louise while we shop."

"May I, Louie?"

It angered Louise that he should use the familiar name. Would he go on doing so when Agnes and he were married? She made no reply.

But when he took her answer for granted and walked beside her, she asked: "Dan, what time do I get a train west?"

He looked at his watch. "You'll just miss one. You can't go west till to-morrow at three—you'll take the train I do to get to Wheatland. Where did you want to go, Louie?"

When she hesitated he leaped to a conclusion. "Oh, I remember. You said yesterday you'd have to go down to the city on that business matter."

Louise was satisfied to have him think so. In truth, she had forgotten her business matter; she was planning how to get to Wheatland before he did. She would go to the post office and claim his mail. "I should get that letter," she thought, "if I had to say I was his wife. I'd get it if I had to go to jail for doing it. I'd get it if—"

"I say that's too bad, Louie. Pity you didn't decide sooner about going."

"It's very important. Isn't there a freight or something?"

"I'm sure not. Let me think. I don't know, anyway."

She had no fear that he would guess the truth. Her lawyer had written that some of her money was in jeopardy—a man who had a few thousands ought to be brought to account. In the eyes of a man this would explain any degree of anxiety. Only a woman could possibly have guessed that a scrap of paper with a few foolish words was more to Louise than

\$4,000. After he had gone to his classes she walked out across the tracks to the freight depot, for she clung to the hope of going to Wheatland in a caboose. But Dan had been right; there was no train. It was a long walk for her; evening was coming on when she reached the hotel.

And Dan stood in the entry waiting for her.

"I phoned your lawyer, Louie. He thinks you'd better come down, and I've fixed up a plan. I'll borrow the dean's motor and take you over to the Crossing to-night. You get a train from there."

SHE flinched. "Dan, no. I really don't want you to."

"And of course I simply will. Listen! You can't get through to the city till morning—you stay some hours in Wheatland. Go to the Park Hotel—"

She drew breath quickly. "I hate to give you the trouble."

"Fiddlesticks. As if you didn't know—"

"I know you're always doing things for people who have no claim—"

"Louie!" She laughed, nervously. "Go put on warm things. I'll be around with the motor as soon as the dean gets back."

Louise stood a moment holding the rail of the porch with her tightly shut hand. "There's no other way. I shall let you; and—thank you, Dan."

She ran away for wraps. But the dean did not come in at once with his motor. Louise was ready a long while before Dan's rap came at her door. "Hurry, Louie. We've no more than time."

A clock had just struck. Stars were shining when they left the town behind and cleared those hills north of the college. Orion looked bright that night with Sirius standing guard above the campus.

She thought of that other evening when he was tracing his own star. She was alone with him in the glass room with the telescope: above, midnight and stars, beneath their feet.

(Continued on page 38)

Divorce to Order

**The Amazing Confessions of a Divorce Lawyer,
Relating His Rise from Humble Police Court
Snitch to Reputable Perjurer and Blackmailer**

Retold by Courtney Ryley Cooper



FIFTEEN years ago, in the beginnings of my practice of law, I was an outcast, a sort of moral leper as far as the profession was concerned. Real attorneys would not speak to me. I was shunned, despised, for I was that most hated of all things, a snitch. To-day, however, in the Middle Western city where I practice, I am prominent in legal circles, my offices are commodious and handsomely furnished, my assistants are many and my profits are making me rich. Yet my business remains the same. I am still in the same town where I began, I am still the snitch that I was—although that name is barred with me now—I am still a breaker of marital ties, and conscience with me has become a negligible quantity. When I feel like it, I practice blackmail. Plainly, without the veneer which my handsome offices and my station in life give me, I am a crook, just as many another man in my business is a crook. Yet I am respected. I am gladly received in the best homes in the city. Were my business that of soliciting damage suits against a street railway company, I would still remain an outcast, but my life work has become that of filling marital closets with family skeletons, and for that I seem to be thanked. You see, times have changed. Once divorce was a catastrophe, something as unwholesome as a loathsome disease. Now, it seems, it is the continued state of marriage that is looked upon as the agony. Yes, I am still a divorce snitch, a worse crook than when I began, but no one seems to care.

It was not through premeditated desire that I paved my way to wealth and respect. If I had been given the chance, I gladly would have followed my father, a staid old disciple of the old traditions of law—slow, sedate, and proud of the fact that he never had done a despicable thing in all his life, that he never had taken an unfair advantage of a client or an adversary.

All my life I had been the recipient of the teachings from him that there was only one thing in life worth while—honor. And so when I left school I attempted to follow his example.

But circumstances were against me. I had no large office to enter as a junior partner. I had no extensive acquaintance and no political affiliations that would aid me in making the beginning. All I could do was open my office and wait for business. But business was slow in coming—in fact, it did not come at all. At last there arrived the time when I came to the realization that I must either snitch or starve. I snatched.

MY FIRST beginnings in this new business were of course at police headquarters, where I managed to pick up a few dollars every day by defending prisoners who had been arrested for violation of the city ordinances. To do this, I was forced to divide my fees with the jailers and runners, who procured my cases for me and persuaded the prisoners that I was the man who could free them. Those fees varied. Often they would be as low as fifty cents. Once in a while I would find some one with money, some one who was willing to give up fifteen or twenty dollars for the defense of his case, and then, of course, the world was good. But my usual income ran four or five dollars a day, out of which I paid the rent of my pretense of an office and the tips which necessarily must go to the man who brought me my cases.

I was a snitch, a plain, everyday snitch, who sought his cases, got what he could from them, and paid for the information as to where he could get more. I was not liked. I knew it. The reporters who stayed at headquarters sneered at me; once in a while they men-

tioned my name in connection with a case in a jeering, sarcastic manner. Even the jailers who accepted my tips seemed to look on me with contempt. My living was coming from the scum of existence and everyone knew it. Then, one day, began the change.

I had finished the defense of a prisoner for disorderly conduct and had accompanied him around the side of the police-court building, that he might pay me my fee of five dollars.

Slowly he counted out the money and started away. Then he turned to me.

"Say, Grant," he began, "I'm up against it with my wife. What'll you take to get me a divorce?"

"Have you grounds?" I asked.

"Sure, I've got grounds," was his answer. "She's left me; been gone two years. I don't even know where she is. That ought to be grounds, oughtn't it? What'll you take?"

"Ten dollars," I answered.

"Ten dollars?" The man laughed. "Why, Andy Jackson'll get me one for anything from a jackknife up."

I thought a moment.

"I'll make it five," I replied at last, and the client was mine.

In the working out of that case I learned many things. First of all, I found that the trying of default divorces was about the easiest thing in the practice of law, and that the actual work was far less than the handling of a police-court case, where pleading must be made before the judge and sometimes appeals taken to the criminal court for a hearing before a jury, the man sentenced and all my work lost—since it was a rule of snitching in my town that the lost suit brought no money. But the default divorce suit was sure. The money must come in. More than that, the actual labor in-

olved consumed no more than about ten minutes in writing the petition, ten minutes more of carefully guarded testimony on the part of the plaintiff, the stereotyped questions and answers of two character witnesses—that was all. Altogether it did not mean more than an hour's work. I decided to go into the divorce question more thoroughly. I sought out one of the older attorneys who had been good to me.

"Young man," he said, in answer to my question, "the time is coming when there will be mighty little that is straight anyway in the law game, and if you're going to be any kind of a crook, you might as well be a whole one. Go ahead with your divorce game, but let me give you some advice. First of all, you must make up your mind that whatever falls into your hands is lawful prey. When you see a chance to separate man and wife, you must do it. Nobody must be allowed to escape you. You are starting out to work up a reputation; very good, make your name known as that of a man who never fails. And more than that, when the road leads crooked, follow it, and you'll be rich."

That night I placed an advertisement in the morning paper. It read:

Divorces easily and quickly obtained. Interview strictly confidential. GRANT, 243 Hollis Building.

The first answer to my advertisement came within the next three days. The woman, somewhat coarse-featured and

with an air of swagger about her, did not seem to be suffering much from the thought that she must divorce her husband. She leaned across my desk and swung her handbag.

"Mrs. Jordan's my name," she said. "I guess you've heard of my husband, Jim Jordan, the saloon keeper?"

"Somewhat," was the answer. "You desire to get a divorce from him?"

"That's it. What's it going to cost?"

"I really can't name my fee in advance," I said, "it depends all on the case and how much trouble I am put to. Will your husband contest the suit?"

"Maybe and maybe not," Mrs. Jordan answered with a laugh. "But what's that got to do with it? I can outswear him any time. I never had any trouble doing it before."

"Before?" There was a bit of amazement in my voice. "Then this is not the first time you have been divorced?"

"I should say not. I've gone the route twice." And there she sat, telling me this, confessing to the fact that this was to be her third divorce and seeming to take a pleasure in it! I, casting about in my mind for the amount of the fee I was to receive from her, asked what her former divorces had cost. She turned her gaze to the wall and swung her handbag idly.

"Well," she said at last, "the way I've always done is to give ten dollars for the divorce and one-fifth of what I get out of my husband on the settlement. Of course, if I have to sting him for alimony, your part will be only ten dollars. But if he comes across and agrees not to fight the suit and gives me a bunch of money, why then I'll come in to you with something like a hundred dollars. That's the way the lawyers have always worked it with me."

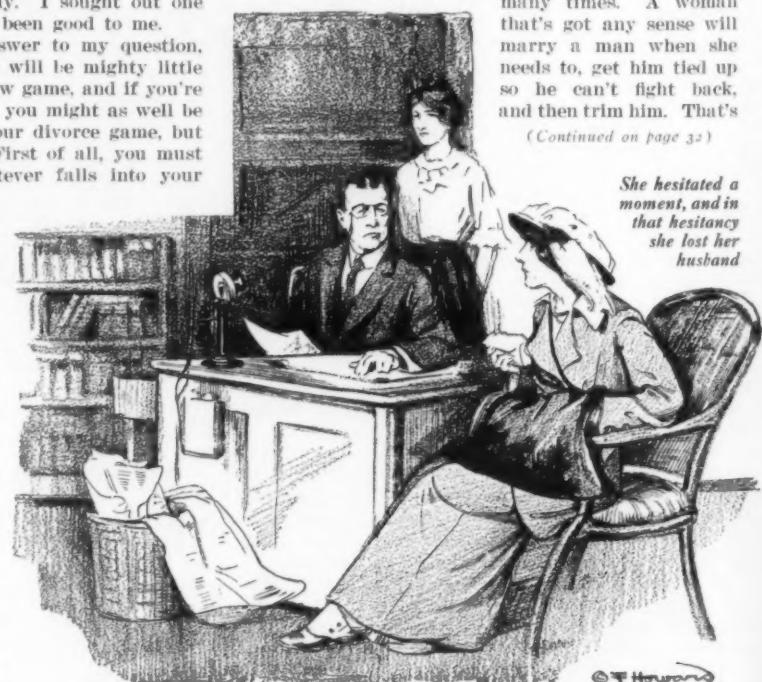
"Agreed," said I. Then I sat there and looked intently into the face of this woman. I gazed at the hard lines of her mouth, at the snap of her eyes, at the chiseled appearance of her face. I leaned forward.

"I must confess that you have interested me," I said at last. "And I must confess too that I am young in the divorce business. You speak of divorce as though it were a most usual thing. To tell the truth, you talk as though you only married for what you could get out of it. Tell me, are there other women like yourself?"

She smiled at this. It did not seem to abash her in the least.

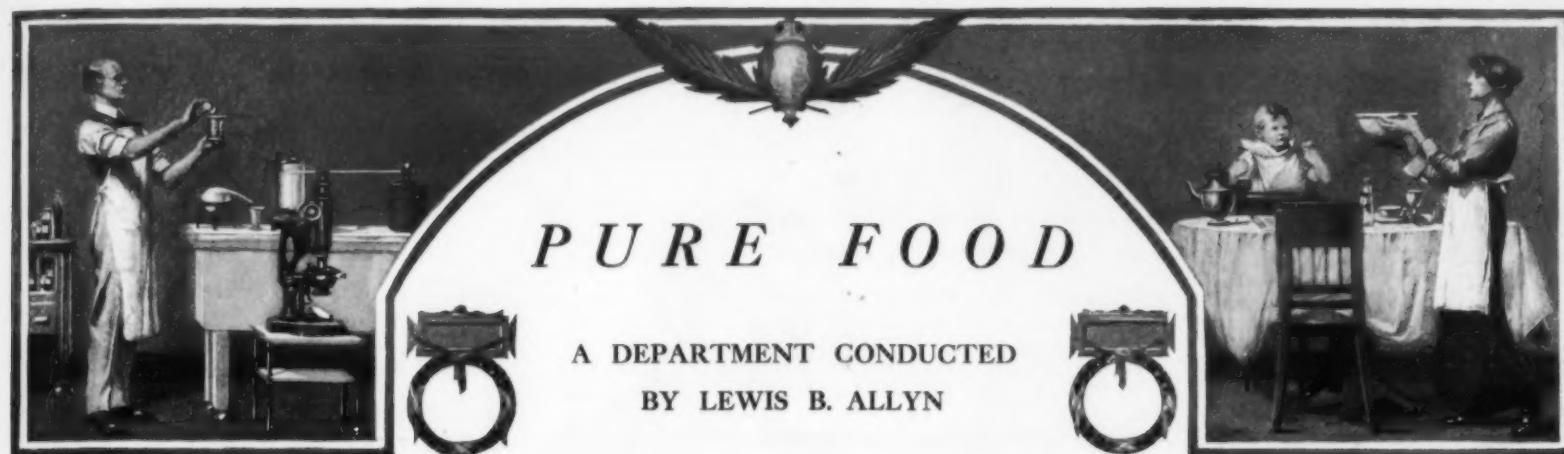
"Seads of them," was her answer. "Say, let me tell you one thing. This business of marrying for love—there ain't anything to it. I know: I've been there too many times. A woman that's got any sense will marry a man when she needs to, get him tied up so he can't fight back, and then trim him. That's

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She hesitated a moment, and in that hesitancy she lost her husband

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Suggestions for the Food Campaign

"THE POOR MAN," says Franklin, "must walk to get meat for his stomach; and the rich man to get stomach for his meat." An economic principle is here involved. If the poor man is forced by necessity to more or less physical exertion in order to secure his food, then the food so secured should be of the character best adapted to his needs, both from the point of nutrition and from the point of economy. For the present at least, we can disregard the rich man who, according to Poor Richard, exercises for quite different reasons. One does not sympathize to the same extent with the man who is suffering from overplus as one does with the man whose finances are on the other side of the balance. Impure, vitiated, and low-grade foods are the enemies of us all, yet all do not suffer to the same extent from them.

It has been remarked by some observers that the death rate to-day is lower than it was twenty years ago, and the question is asked whether, after all, the quality of the food which we eat has a very decided bearing on our general health or longevity.

Others say that health, or at least the appearance of it, and not disease is most noticeable in any crowd or gathering, and that, therefore, the impurities and low-grade foods which people eat cannot have a decidedly detrimental effect upon their general physical condition. These are interesting observations and are no doubt made in good faith.

Improper Food and Inefficiency

REGARDING the first proposition, one must remember that during the past two decades there have been tremendous strides made in the sciences of sanitation and disinfection, as well as in the preparation of food products, and it would seem that this advancement might, to some extent at least, offset a portion of the evil effects of food sophistication. Then, too, it must be remembered that, as practiced at the present time, a large part of food adulteration consists in shrewd tricks or commercial frauds which are perpetrated upon the consumer, except in certain classes of foods which will be mentioned later.

If it be that health really is in the ascendancy there is, of course, reason for rejoicing. But lurking in the background, one sees the host of children who are wrongly fed, and who through ignorance, carelessness, or apathy are handicapped both mentally and physically by reduced or improper feeding. Says Mr. McCann: "There is one answer to this question. We have destroyed malaria and yellow fever by killing off the mosquitoes. We have reduced smallpox and other filth diseases by cleaning house. We no longer drink sewage on a large scale; Federal and State laws are invoked continually to protect us from this evil. Our health departments do not permit us to pile the city streets with decaying refuse. If, with our advance in sanitation, we had given the same attention to the science of nutrition, and to our food supply, we would have in truth an inspiring story to tell."

Beside the children, there is, too, an army of older people who are inefficient, in part at least, through the effects of improper foods. It is indeed a work of honor and a credit to any community to improve the condition of its food supply, thereby increasing the efficiency of its inhabitants.

A Year's Progress at Worcester

THE second annual Pure Food Exposition has just closed in the city of Worcester. Readers of *COLLIER'S* recall that a year ago the high character of the exposition was commented on at length. Encouraged by the success of last year, the Worcester Woman's Club, in connection with the Retail Grocers and Provision Dealers' Association, decided upon a repetition of the food fair because the members felt that their work at Worcester was not wholly accomplished.

The committee in charge, realizing the force of the

PURE FOOD

A DEPARTMENT CONDUCTED
BY LEWIS B. ALLYN

opening sentence of this article that a "poor man must walk to get meat for his stomach," decided that he could have no more effective helper than his wife, and that she ought not to set out in search of the "Holy Grail" of Pure Foods without adequate preparation, in part at least. The aid took the form of the following

Hints to Worcester Housewives

YOUR FLOUR—Is it clean? Have its minerals been abstracted? Has it been bleached?

YOUR SUGAR—Has it been whitened with sulphurous acid? Or blued with Prussian blue?

YOUR BUTTER—Is it genuine or compound?

YOUR LARD—Is it sanitary? Does it contain suet or cottonseed oil?

YOUR BAKING POWDER—Does the label show the presence of alum? Did you get a set of dishes with it?

YOUR MILK—Does it come to you in sanitary containers? Is it preserved with baking soda or with formaldehyde?

YOUR TEA—Is it high in soluble matter or does it consist in part of sticks and refuse?

YOUR COFFEE—Is it true to name?

YOUR CHOCOLATE—Is it made from shells and flour and artificially colored?

YOUR VINEGAR—Is it pure cider, or pure malt, or pure wine, or is it acetic acid loaded and colored?

YOUR MOLASSES—Has it been treated with sulphur dioxide?

YOUR SPICES—Are they pure and true to name? Is their essential oil evaporated?

YOUR MUSTARD—Is it artificially colored?

YOUR EXTRACTS—Are they strong and honest or diluted and flavored with ethers?

YOUR PRESERVED FRUITS AND VEGETABLES—Are they in glass jars, in enameled cans, or are they packed in the dangerous old tin cans?

YOUR PICKLES—Are they preserved with benzoate of sodium and hardened with alum?

"THE LABEL TELLS THE STORY," says the Worcester Pure Food Committee. "READ IT! AND DON'T MISS THE FINE PRINT. BEWARE OF COMPOUNDS AND IMITATIONS."

These questions were given broadcast to the public on well-printed folders, in order to call attention to some of the frauds of food sophistication, and to lead the purchaser to ask questions of the retailer concerning the origin or status of any particular food product.

The Pure Food Alphabet

PROMINENTLY displayed in the exposition was the Pure Food Alphabet, which caused much comment. A few extracts from this may serve as an incentive to other *COLLIER'S* readers to make a Pure Food Alphabet of their own.

A is for Adulterants which harm and cheapen food.

B is for benzoate against which Wiley stood.

C is for the coal-tar dyes which brilliant colors make.

D is for the drugs and dope we let the babies take.

The exposition has worked out certain food reforms which will be of great value to the community. A year ago the manager of the Easton Soda Fountain made this statement: "Henceforth this shall be a fountain known only for the purity of its beverages. No more dyed drinks. No more ether concoctions. And as soon as I can obtain the information how to avoid it, no more benzoated fruit or syrup."

After twelve months' practice of this resolution, the same manager states: "I have kept my promise, and," he added, "I have made money by doing so." Would that, throughout the length and breadth of our country, the proprietors of other soda fountains would make resolutions and put into practice work of a similar character.

A year ago a firm having a store in Worcester was publicly exposed in the chemical laboratory of the Worcester Pure Food Exposition for selling as pure extracts short-measure concoctions of butyric, amyl, and cantharic ethers. On the anniversary of this event, the same firm was prominent among the Pure Food exhibitors. It had cleaned house. Everything of a questionable nature was discarded. New labels had been prepared to take the place of the old misleading type; and no one, however critical, could with reason question the purity of its products.

Said the Pure Food Committee: "If our exposition has brought light to even one retailer, and helped him to improve the quality of the articles which he sells to our people, we feel more than paid for the hard work and sacrifice which we have put into it." But the reform has not stopped in two cases. Other dealers, both wholesale and retail, are noticeably more careful of the kind of products they sell. While there are no absolute figures available, and indeed it would probably be impossible to secure such, one dealer estimates that during the year the sale of chemically adulterated food products has decreased some 40 per cent. If this be so, or a decrease of even a less amount be shown, the exposition given by whole-hearted, energetic club women and conscientious far-sighted provision dealers has lighted a pure-food torch which by the grace of the educated consumer will never be extinguished. So the people of Worcester who walk for their meat, as well as those who do not, have herein a guide to conserve their health and increase their efficiency.

THE TRUTH ABOUT FOODS

A Question and Answer Department, Conducted for the Benefit of the Consumer. Address Inquiries to Professor L. B. Allyn, Care of Collier's, 416 West Thirteenth Street, New York City

Is Crisco Kosher?

I would particularly request you to give me information regarding Crisco. I am an Orthodox Hebrew in religion, and live up to its tenets as to pure foods. I am anxious to find out if there is any animal fat ingredient in Crisco. We are using it and like it, but if not pure vegetable matter, no money can induce us to use it.—M. O., West Somerville, Mass.

The strictest chemical and microscopic examination of this product bears out the statement of the makers that Crisco is a purely vegetable product.

It is a clean, wholesome compound, and there is apparently no reason why its use should conflict with any religious views whatever. Crisco can be purchased under a kosher seal or certificate if one so desires. The translation of this certificate is as follows:

"The shortening—CRISCO—contained in this can and manufactured by The Procter & Gamble Co. of Cincinnati, Ohio, is kosher to all observing Jews and it can be used with meat as well as with milk foods, because it is made out of vegetable oils and does not contain anything objectionable to the Jewish law, as is testified by the certificate of analysis by Cincinnati and New York chemists. Besides this, a permanent inspector is stationed at the factory to supervise the work. The contents of each can bearing this 'Hechshar' or label are, therefore, kosher without any doubt."

(Continued on page 23)

There
Is
Beauty
In
Every
Jar



However beautiful you may be, you cannot afford to neglect your skin. However plain you may be, you should not miss the possibilities for beauty and skin-health in the regular use of

Ingram's Milkweed Cream

50c and \$1.00

Applied lightly, night and morning, it will give the charm of cleanliness, the beauty of a soft, firm skin, with a natural, radiant glow. Requires no rubbing, and will not enlarge or exaggerate the pores of the skin.

A face powder—pure, lasting and lovely in effect is

Ingram's Velveola Souveraine

50c a Box—in 4 Shades

For a real home "beauty treatment," immediate in results, try a light application of Milkweed Cream, and a finishing touch of Ingram's Velveola Souveraine Face Powder.

This Vanity Box Free

This handsome accessory—gold finished with pad, bag and reducing mirror, FREE, to you with every box of this Face Powder. Do not send stamps; just fill out and mail us the small card found in the addressed envelope in every box.



Frederick F. Ingram Co.
59 Tenth Street, Detroit, Mich.
Windsor, Ontario.

Special Offer

Let us prove to you the value of Ingram's Toilet Specialties by a personal test; write us yours and your druggist's name and address, and receive free, our box of samples. Or enclose 10c and we will mail them direct.

Effulgent Whiskers



They Have Lighted the Way of James Hamilton Lewis into the United States Senate

BY CLIFFORD RAYMOND

WHEN there was offered to the free and untrammeled Jeffersonians of the great State of Illinois the privilege and honor of standing in candidacy for nomination for the United States Senate in the primaries of April 9, 1912, only one member of the vast Jeffersonian-Jacksonian multitude presented himself. Only one, but such a one!

Such a one indeed. There was offered the scintillant, sartorial, aurora borealian mass meeting of all the graces embodied as the Hon. James Hamilton Lewis, that favored son of Phoebus Apollo in whose whiskers glints eternally the sun of the tropics, and through whose whiskers comes everlastingly the ever-living eloquence of Demosthenic oratory.

Jim Ham stepped forward in all the effulgence of pink whiskers, and became the only Democratic candidate.

Inasmuch as it requires 103 votes in the Illinois Legislature to elect a United States Senator, and inasmuch as the Democrats, by long custom and seemingly sure instinct, invariably fell from twenty to forty short of that number in the Assembly, the candidacy of Mr. Lewis was received good-naturedly even by his ill-wishers—as a voluntary offering in Del Norte and dress goods, a harmless amusement for the young and old, and of no political importance.

Practical Jeffersonians of much experience in the science of getting jobs, sons of Anak and men of wrath, observed Mr. Lewis and smiled. They watched the triumphal progress of the pink whiskers, flaming on the levees of Shawneetown in the south and the hills of Galena in the north, and merely observed that if the Hon. Ham were a manufacturer of chewing gum or of a Ready Relief for Rheumatism, he might get something out of the advertising, but what he was going to cash in on this campaign they didn't see.

Nevertheless the pink whiskers went like a cloud of smoke by day and a pillar of fire by night from Cairo to Belvidere, and the living tongue of eloquence scattered pearls of Jeffersonian thought throughout the corn, coal, and oil belts of the great State.

THE habit of voting is firmly fixed on the Jeffersonians, and the fact that Colonel Jim Ham was running without opposition was no deterrent. They arose and voted for him, 228,872 of them, cheerfully and thankfully, and the Colonel was the Democratic nominee for the seat in the Senate occupied by the honorable and venerable Shelby M. Cullom.

Subsequent to the primaries, the Senate decided that the election of the Hon. William Lorimer was irregular and full

of fraud, as charged, and the two Illinois seats were vacant. Colonel Roosevelt intervened in the orderly course of politics, and in consequence of untoward events, when the Illinois Legislature assembled in January of this year, the Democrats had the largest representation in the Assembly, and were but a few votes short of control on joint ballot. And there were two places to be filled.

The practical Jeffersonians who had observed the triumphant march of the pink whiskers with amusement now became creatures wholly given over to grief and wrath, putting on sackcloth and ashes, and sitting to wall on their front doorsteps. They had missed a bet. When the Legislature endeavored to elect, it fell into a deadlock, which tried the stratagems and souls of men, but on March 26 the pre-Raphaelite Lewis was elected to succeed the honorable and venerable Cullom, and a Republican, Lawrence Sherman, was elected to fill out the unexpired term for which Mr. Lorimer was supposed to have been chosen.

THE Aurora Borealis had chased the rainbow and had found the pot of gold at its end. Nothing like it ever had happened before, and the practical Jeffersonians who passed up their chances, the sons of Anak who thought Jim Ham was paying more for his advertising than it was worth to him, to his whiskers and his clothes, felt like falling upon their idol Baal and knocking it into splinters in their wrath.

Mr. Lewis, when he looks into the mirror, must be reverent. There he sees the wings of the Valkyr which have carried him into Valhalla, and if he apply shellac to them he must do it solemnly.

In spite of Demosthenic eloquence, Periclean intellect, and Alcibiadean person, the Hon. James Hamilton Lewis would be as nothing without the auroral flare of the whiskers.

There may have been a time when Mr. Lewis was whiskerless, probably when he was six years old. One knows that destiny early clapped the wings of the Valkyr on James's jowl and said: "Jim, my boy, live up to them."

James Hamilton has been endeavoring to do so ever since.

The Lewisonian myth includes mention of a time when this pre-Raphaelite was a student in Virginia and one when he was a longshoreman. One would have loved to see that longshoreman. A pre-Raphaelite dock-wallop would be something to see. One knows that Mr. Lewis glided up to a barrel of sugar; that his overalls were draped on him, and that the scents of the Celebes came from him. The Lewisonian myth locates this



The Fountain Beverage

Welch's is not a manufactured drink.

It is not a make-believe, but is Nature's own combination of helpful and delicious fruit acids and sweetness, just as they have been brought to perfection in the skin of the grape.

Welch's

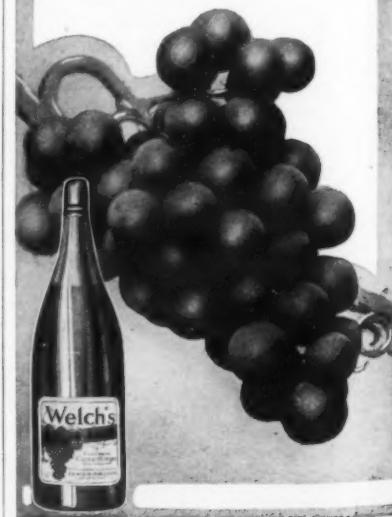
"The National Drink"

Thirst-quenching, cooling, satisfying—beneficial to old or young. Order a Welch Rickey (with lime juice), Welch Phosphate—or just plain Welch's at the fountain. Be sure you get Welch's. Then you are certain of the purity and high quality.

*Get the Welch habit—
It's one that won't get you*

If you cannot obtain Welch's of your dealer we will ship a trial dozen pints, express prepaid east of Omaha, for \$3.00. Sample four-ounce bottle, 10c.

The Welch Grape Juice Co.
Westfield, N. Y.



bondage of the pre-Raphaelite in Savannah. He was born in Danville, Va., in 1866, and studied law in Savannah while he dock-walloped. By 1886 his whiskers had carried him west and were flapping in Washington, where he was elected to the Territorial Senate, where he ran for Governor, where he announced himself a candidate for Vice President subject to the will of the convention of 1896, and where he was elected to Congress.

There also he was a candidate twice for the United States Senate. When he offered himself in the Illinois primaries last year he was but following his destiny, which was to be a United States Senator from somewhere. It happens to be from Illinois, his whiskers having whisked him east again in 1903. When Edward F. Dunne, now Governor of Illinois, was Mayor of Chicago, Lewis was his Corporation Counsel. He ran for the Democratic nomination for Governor in 1908, and was beaten by Adlai Stevenson.

Lewis's weakness has been an over-fondness for ink—printers' and writing.

About six years ago, to give a new zest to a trip to China and Japan, he allowed it to be understood that President Roosevelt had commissioned him on an errand too delicate to be done by ordinary diplomatic methods. Off-

icials in the State Department were hoarse before they gave up the job as hopeless of explaining that Mr. Lewis was as innocent as Adam of any service to American diplomacy. Mr. Lewis gravely commended the discretion of the officials. The mission was very delicate. The less said about it the better. As reporters would bear witness, he had made nothing of his report public—this after his return—but even at that he might have been impulsive. He would accept the rebuke of the State Department. Not another word, gentlemen; not another word.

That, however, was harmless, and if it did China and Japan no good, it at least gave Mr. Lewis joy, and the State Department is organized for trouble anyway.

When James Hamilton really enjoys his politics he makes himself more Solomonic than ordinary in attire, and becomes more Mark Antonyish in diction and goes "back of the yards" or over Goose Island way to address the freedmen. He likes it, and the boys like it. If any unknown in pink whiskers and yellow gloves came among them wearing lilies of the valley and waving a purple handkerchief, they'd heave bricks, but James Hamilton knows that they demand him in his regalia. He is "some guy."

Pure Food

(Concluded from page 21)

No Sulphurous Acid in This

From the articles running in some of the daily papers, I understand that the claim is made that refined sugar is bleached by sulphurous acid, part of which remains in the sugar. Will you please advise as to this in regard to such sugars as "Domino"?—H. F., New Jersey.

As you probably know, sugar comes to the Northern refineries as raw sugar, with all its impurities, mechanical, vegetable, and mineral. The method of refining consists of melting this product, and subjecting it to various processes of separation, clarification, and filtration. It comes out at last as a clear, transparent liquid to vacuum pans, where it is recrystallized into the pure white crystals with which you are familiar. Sugar as now found is among the purest of food products. Sulphurous acid is not used in bleaching the sugar you mention. We doubt if this practice obtains to any great extent today in the majority of sugars upon the American market.

It Depends

Has yeast, soda, or baking powder as now used in making bread, crackers, or pastry any detrimental effect on the human system?—C. R., Seelbach Hotel, Louisville, Ky.

Yeast is a one-celled plant which has among other things the power to change sugars and starches into a form of sugar suitable for its food. This food is changed into alcohol and carbon dioxide gas, which latter leavens or "raises" bread. At a temperature of 80° below the boiling point of water the yeast plants are destroyed.

As generally used, yeast has no detrimental effect upon the human system.

Soda, or rather bicarbonate of soda, gives up its carbon dioxide when acted upon by an acid or acid substance. A residue is always left in the food which it leavens. Whether such residue is injurious or not depends upon the nature of the acid used to break up the soda. This can be best discussed under baking powders.

Such powders are commonly divided into three classes—phosphate, cream of tartar, and alum. They all contain soda and some drying material, such as starch or rice flour, to keep the moisture from the chemicals until needed for use.

Phosphate powders contain phosphoric acid as their acid ingredient, usually in the form of monocalcium phosphate. When such a powder is used the residue remaining in the bread or cake is inert calcium phosphate or sodium phosphate.

Cream of tartar powders derive their acid from tartaric acid in the form of acid potassium tartrate known as cream of tartar, or through the mixture of this compound with tartaric acid. The residue left from powders of this class is sodium potassium tartrate, commonly known as Rochelle salts.

Both sodium phosphate and Rochelle salts are purgatives. Phosphate and cream of tartar powders, however, are

more economical to use from the stand-point of leavening power, and are otherwise less objectionable than the alum powders.

The acid principle of the alum powder is sulphuric acid, usually in the form of double or basic sulphate of aluminum and an alkali metal. The combination is called an "alum." Thus one may find potash, soda, or ammonium alum. The first is most frequently used. Alum powders are regarded with grave suspicion. The residues left are sulphate of soda (Glauber's salts), hydroxide of aluminum. Speaking of the residue left by the various types of baking powders, Dr. Wiley says: "It is not claimed in any case that these residues are beneficial. The principal question which has been discussed is which of them is least harmful." In our opinion the alum powders leave residues which may be detrimental to the health of the consumer.

A Constructive Idea

COLLIER'S has thrilled me with interest. As the mother of several growing children, and the wife of a man who uses every ounce of his strength in his calling, I am studying food values, and searching for genuinely pure foods for my family. May I, therefore, ask of you a copy of the list of the reliable firms and their brands of canned goods, which I understand has been made out by the Board of Health of Westfield? I am hoping to be able through this not only to guide myself in selection for family use, but to enlist the cooperation of our grocer, who is an energetic, progressive young man, and, I think, conscientious according to his light. I am so eager to give my family the best and the purest possible, but I feel so helpless in the face of constant fraud and organized, deliberate deception.—R. C., New York.

The following products have been analyzed during the last two weeks by the Westfield Board of Health, and have measured up to the Westfield standard of purity, quality, and nutrition. These products will be included in the next edition of The Westfield Book of Pure Foods. Clip this from COLLIER'S and paste it into the back of the Westfield Book so that your list may be kept up to date. Products are being frequently analyzed by the Board, and new listings will appear from time to time in this column of COLLIER'S:

GRANDMOTHER'S FRUIT MARMALADE, GRANDMOTHER'S MINCEMEAT.—Whipple Cooperative Co., Natick, Mass.

IVIN'S BUTTERS, SWEET MARIE, CHOCOLATE FUDGE, SPICE WAFERS, SUGAR COOKIES, LUNCHEON THINS.—J. S. Ivins' Sons, Philadelphia, Pa.

FOSS EXTRACTS—VANILLA, LEMON, ORANGE.—Schlotterbeck & Foss Co., Portland, Me.

OLIVE OIL, PANCIATICHI BRAND.—M. L. Bouchet, Roselle, N. J.

FRANK E. HARRIS EXTRACTS—VANILLA, LEMON.—Frank E. Harris, Binghamton, N. Y.



Coldwell Lawn Mowers

The Beauty of a Lawn

Does not depend so much on its size as on how it is kept.

You cannot get a good lawn without a good lawn mower.

The best lawn mower on the market is Coldwell's Imperial.

Runs easily with next to no noise. Simple, immovable adjustment. Patented double-edged bottom knife just doubles the life of the machine.

The Coldwell Company makes lawn mowers in 150 different styles and sizes. Our Demountable Cutters, a new feature in Lawn mower construction, give you two or more mowers in one.

"Always use the BEST. The BEST is the cheapest. Coldwell Lawn Mowers are the BEST."

Descriptive catalogue mailed on request, together with practical booklet on "The Care of Lawns." Send a postal before you forget.

COLDWELL LAWN MOWER COMPANY
Philadelphia NEWBURGH, NEW YORK Chicago

"I built that house fifteen years ago and it's as good today as the day it was completed. In all these years my only expense has been for painting the woodwork that you see."

The experience of this man and thousands of other wise home-builders is conclusive proof that

Hy-tex Brick

is the most economical building-material—as well as the most beautiful and durable.

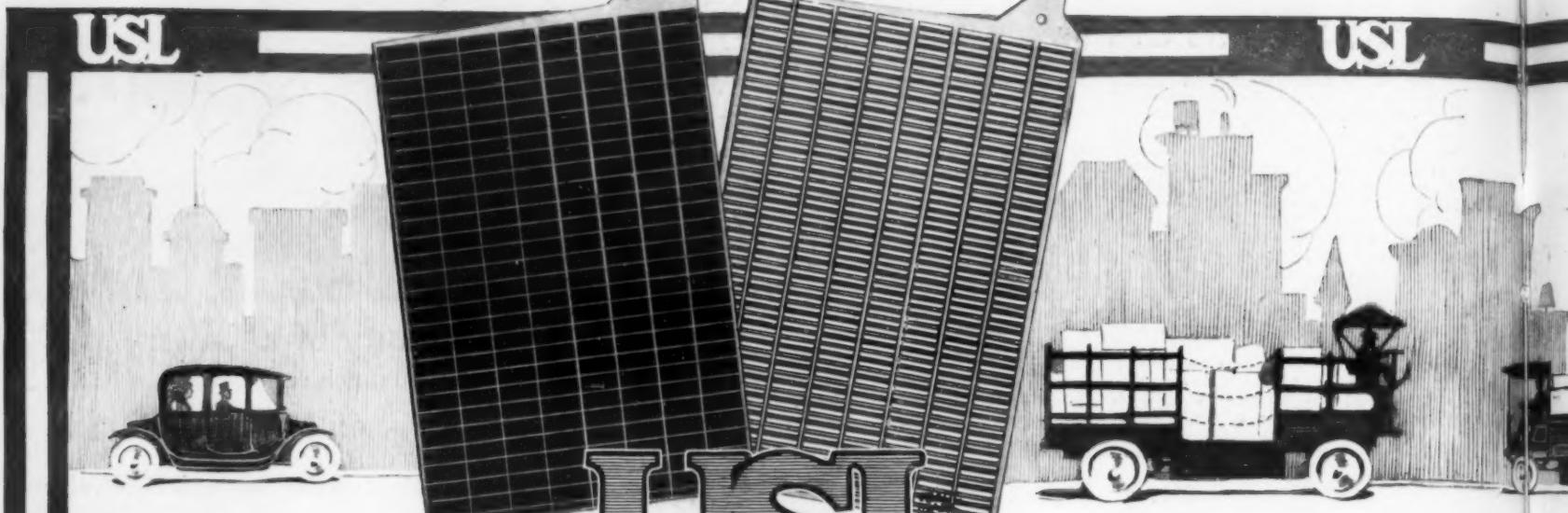
We have just issued a booklet, "Genuine Economy in Home Building," dealing in a comprehensive way with the problems that confront every home-builder. It is beautifully illustrated throughout in colors. Sent to any address on receipt of ten cents to cover mailing charges. Write for your copy now.

HYDRAULIC-PRESS BRICK COMPANY

Dept. N 5, St. Louis, Mo.

BRANCH OFFICES: Baltimore, Md.; Chicago, Ill.; Cincinnati, O.; Cleveland, O.; Davenport, Iowa; Indianapolis, Ind.; Kansas City, Mo.; Minneapolis, Minn.; New York City; Omaha, Neb.; Philadelphia, Pa.; Toledo, O.; Washington, D. C.





Showing a U-S-L Battery Plate and the lead grid before pasting.



Storage Battery

Announcing the New U-S-L Machine-Pasted

All Difficulties Removed by Our New Machine-Pasting Process

By a new process of pasting plates by machinery, used and controlled exclusively by the U. S. Light & Heating Company, all uncertainties have been removed. The perfect result of this process is now offered to the public in the U-S-L Storage Battery with the Machine-Pasted Plate.

In the making of this new battery plate, the paste is forced into the pockets of the metallic grid with absolute evenness of pressure, resulting in the uniform density of the active material so long sought for. It is not hard on the surface and soft in the center, nor is it denser at one spot than at another. The new process puts the paste into both sides of the plate at the same time, thus securing an absolutely homogeneous mass of active material. One plate is now just exactly like another, physically, chemically and electrically—a standard which has never before been reached, and one which results in qualities unknown in the common battery.

This high standard of plate making results in an assembled battery of absolute and known dependability—a battery that combines an already well known U-S-L characteristic with an entirely new advantage. Not only does this new battery supply exceptional power for the most grueling service but it will continue to supply that power month after month for an unprecedented life. Read further on about the mileage guarantee.

Why the U-S-L Machine-Pasting Process is a Vast Improvement

During all the years storage batteries have been in use, their efficiency has been marred by fundamental defects the removal of which, under the old method of battery plate making, has defied chemists and engineers. The difficulty has been due principally to two reasons—the method heretofore employed by pasting plates *by hand*, and the limitations this method placed upon the making of the active paste compound.

By pasting is meant depositing the active material into the pockets of the metallic grid. When doing this work by hand it is practically impossible to deposit the paste compound uniformly throughout. No matter who does it, it is bound to be denser in one spot than another, on account of the unavoidable variation in pressure. Again, it is necessary in this process to fill first one side of the grid, then the other. During the interval between,

the paste on the first side "sets" slightly. Thus a perfect weld of the active material on the interior is impossible.

Moreover, it has been proved that different methods and temperaments among workmen may result in lack of chemical or physical similarity between the plates, which sometimes lowers a battery's efficiency.

This "human equation" is now for the first time eliminated. Every U-S-L Machine-Pasted Plate is an identical counterpart of any other U-S-L plate—another reason for the wonderful performance of the U-S-L.

This is the First Storage Battery to be Sold with a Mileage Guarantee that Doesn't Cost the Purchaser from 100% to 300% Over the Regular Price of the Battery

USL



Completely assembled U.S.-L Storage Battery with Machine-Pasted Plates.

Electric Car Manufacturers and
the Most Important Storage
Battery of the Present Generation

Storage Battery

Cast Plate and the No-Extra-Price Guarantee

A New Active Material—Greater Efficiency

The U-S-L Machine-Pasting process now makes it possible to use a new and improved paste material—one which has been known to our chemists for some time, but which could not be satisfactorily used under the old-style hand-pasting process.

The perfection and use of this new mixture, coupled with the new method of applying it, mark a further important step in storage battery development in that it reduces "shedding" to an unprecedented minimum. This makes the "washing" of cells an almost negligible factor, a great advantage for the reason that "washing" deteriorates a battery by destroying the affinity that has been built up between the plates and the liquid. And even aside from this saving of labor, the dollars-and-cents economy in reducing replacement cost is of greatest consequence.

Marks a New Era in Electric Transportation

Although this is the first public announcement of the new U-S-L Machine-Pasted Battery, it has been subjected to careful testing in daily trucking and pleasure car service over a sufficient period to prove its worth and to establish the truth of the claims we make for it.

It is not an experiment. Because of its reliability and long life it gives a new impetus to the use of battery-driven vehicles. For hills, sandy roads and other conditions that impose a severe strain, it possesses life, responsiveness and power that stand today unapproached by any other battery, regardless of kind or type. Under actual comparative service test it has proved itself capable of hauling a given load under given conditions a greater distance per dollar invested in current than any other battery of like rating.

Mileage Guarantee Without Extra Price

Any manufacturer of electric pleasure cars or electric trucks will equip with U-S-L Storage Battery, **without extra charge**, if specified by the purchaser.

A written, signed guarantee certificate will be supplied by us to the owner of the vehicle, guaranteeing the mileage of the U-S-L Machine-Pasted Battery. This is the first storage battery to be sold with a mileage guarantee that doesn't cost the purchaser from 100% to 300% over the regular price of the battery. The U-S-L Guarantee adds nothing to the price of the U-S-L Battery. The guarantee is given when the battery is used in new cars of approved efficiency, such as:

Pleasure Cars:

Argo	Broc
Baker	Buffalo
Borland	Century
	Chicago

Church-Field
Colonial
Columbus
Dayton

Detroit
Flanders
Fritchle

Hupp-Yeats
Ohio
Phipps
Rauch & Lang

Standard
Pate
Waverly
Woods

Trucks:

Argo	Buffalo Electric
Atlantic	Century
Baker	Chicago Electric
Borland	Church-Field
	Columbus Electric

Commercial
Couple Gear
Detroit
Detroit (Anderson)
Eldridge

Fritchle
G. M. C.
Grinnell
G. V.
Jatco

Landen
M. & P.
Ohio Electric
Rauch & Lang
Standard

Studebaker
Pate
Urban
Walker
Ward

On battery renewals in cars now in use the guarantee applies if the car comes up to the required standard.

The U. S. Light & Heating Company

General Offices: 30 Church Street, New York Factory: Niagara Falls, N. Y.
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Full information
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Storage Battery and its Guarantee. The car I
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207. Electric Light for Railroad Cars.

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Service.

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USL



Don't trifle with the health of your family. Take out a "Long Life Policy" in the form of a

Bohn Syphon Refrigerator

insuring the little ones against possible contraction of disease through the medium of cheap and unsanitary ice boxes.

You'll find it to be one of the best investments you ever made.

A few of the many distinguishing features which we claim for our refrigerator:

Genuine Porcelain Linings (not paint): Absolute Sanitation.

Insulation (10 thicknesses): Low Temperatures and Saving of Ice.

Syphon System: Free and Rapid Circulation of Cold, Dry Air.

Workmanship and Material: Beauty and Long Life of the Refrigerator.

Adopted as Standard by The Pullman Company and the Great Railroad Systems the country over.

Ask the best dealer in your town to show you one of these "Insurance Policies."

Skipped direct to points where we have no representation.
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White Enamel Refrigerator Co.

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When
Spring Comes
Simply Dust
and
Put on



POMPEIIAN BRONZE SCREEN CLOTH

LASTS AS LONG AS YOUR HOUSE

THE FIRST FLY

in the spring—habirger of the swarms of winged germ-bearing pests to come—will find you always prepared to bar his entrance if your screens are filled with

POMPEIIAN BRONZE SCREEN CLOTH

No painting ever necessary—just take your screens filled with Pompeian Bronze from their winter storage and install them.

This screen cloth of sterling worth is woven of wire drawn from billets of solid bronze (90% pure copper).

Its bare strands cannot rust. Barring fire or accident no renewals ever necessary.

Pompeian Bronze Screen Cloth has high tensile strength, therefore no sagging encountered as with its substitutes.

The genuine has a removable red string woven into selvage. Look for it. If your dealer won't supply you, we will promptly.

Send for our Book

CLINTON WIRE CLOTH CO., *First Power Loom Weavers*
65 Sterling Street, CLINTON, MASS.

Makers of Clinton Wire Lath and Clinton Electrically Welded Fabric for reinforcing Concrete. Both recognized as standard by leading architects and engineers of both continents



\$1,000 on the Farm

Answers to a City Man's Query: "Can I Go to a Farm with a Small Capital and Make Good?"

By J. M. OSKISON

MONTANA is calling for the right sort of city man with a small capital, says a man in Missoula. He tells of one farm company which owns 30,000 acres, and this company is looking for those with small capital to develop it. On this particular tract, no cash rent is demanded, and work at good wages is offered for those who want to use their spare time in earning extra money.

In Montana, according to the figures of the man in Missoula, the \$1,000 of the city refugee should be distributed in this way.

After renting 80 or 160 acres, on a third-of-the-crops-to-the-owner basis, buy as follows:

3 good milch cows, at \$60 each	\$180
2 good brood sows, at \$25 each	50
3 dozen chickens, at \$9 a dozen	27
Two good horses.....	300
Wagon, second-hand.....	50
Harness, second-hand.....	25
Plow, \$20; harrow, \$16; small tools, \$20.....	56
Household furnishings and supplies.....	250
Total.....	\$938

For his immediate needs, the tenant, if he follows this schedule of expenditures, will have in cash \$62; if there is unbroken land on the rented place, he can get \$3 an acre for turning over the sod; and he and his team ought to find time to earn \$3.50 a day for at least sixty days in the year. His investments ought to yield about these amounts:

Butter fat from the cows, \$25 a month.....	300
Eggs and chickens, \$7.50 a month.....	90
Hogs, two litters from each sow—20 a year—at \$20 each when 1 year old.....	400
Total.....	\$790

"The farmer should grow all of his own vegetables," the man in Missoula says, "and from those he has to sell he should derive an income of \$100 a year.

"He should be able to cultivate thirty acres of land without assistance, choosing among wheat, oats, barley, flax, hay, and potatoes. From that acreage, after he has turned over to the owner a third for rent, he should have at least \$200 worth of grain for sale.

"Now, what is the total of the year's income? From the live stock, \$790; from labor of the man and his team, \$200; from the garden, \$100; and from that portion of the crop sold, \$200—it foots up to \$1,290. Out of this, the family ought to be able to live very well, and save at least \$300 the first year. The earning power of the man and his equipment will increase from year to year, as well as the sum which may be saved toward the purchase of the right kind of a farm."

IN THE WEST

THROUGHOUT Montana, Idaho, and Washington, reports the man in Missoula, exceptional opportunities exist for the man with a small capital and a determination to go to the farm and make a success of it. They exist because most chambers of commerce and most real estate dealers in that region are absorbed in the attempt to secure settlers with a good deal of money who can develop the country rapidly.

The little chances are overlooked, and the man with \$1,000 won't have to pay inflated prices for his modest patch of ground.

Now comes a word of caution from Texas—from a lawyer of Stephenville who has "sold farms to some hundreds of people, built some hundreds of houses, and improved many farms."

In Texas, he says, the man with a capital of \$1,000 and a family will need

to move cautiously, and to spend some time in learning exactly what kind of farming he is best fitted for, and where he can get the best farm bargain. The fact that Texas is being boomed systematically will increase the tenderfoot's obligation to look out for the sharpers and keep a tight grip on his money until he learns farm values.

"The idea that anybody can farm is as absurd as to suppose that anybody can practice law or medicine without training," observes the Texas lawyer. "Successful farming requires intelligence and the application of accurate knowledge of business.

"But even if he is not really successful, the city-bred man will find that the farm is the best place to be poor—he has only to remember that without knowledge and the application of business principles to farming he will be poor."

A FARM IN GEORGIA

HERE is a farm in Georgia, two miles from a railroad station and twenty miles from a town of 15,000, which is described as suitable for the man with a capital of \$1,000—it is told about in a letter from one who was raised on a farm, taught school, became county superintendent of schools, and is now a lawyer.

This farm is one of thirty acres, unfenced, and it can be bought for \$150. The buyer's remaining \$850 should be expended in this way:

Lumber, for putting up the shells of house and stable	\$150
Fencing, \$75; wagon, plows, and tools, \$75.....	150
Stock: mule, \$100; cow, \$40; brood sow, \$15; 15 chickens, \$7.50.....	162.50
Cutting 25 acres of land with a heavy disk harrow	50
Groceries, feed for stock, seed, pump, and incidentals	337.50

This farm, the Georgia man writes, can supply all the posts needed for fencing, wood for fuel, and other incidental uses. The twenty-five acres he puts into crops, which he can tend without help, should yield this return:

15 acres of corn, pinders (peanuts), and peas.....	\$350
8 acres of sea island cotton, 3,000 lb.	160
Half an acre of cane sugar, for syrup	150
Half an acre of sweet potatoes, 150 bushels	75
Seven-eighths of an acre of rye, millet, and chicken corn	20
An eighth of an acre of vegetables	25
Total Income	\$780
Deduct: fertilizer, \$80; and taxes, \$15	95

Here is a net return of \$685, figuring that the farmer will sell everything he raises. As a matter of fact, he will keep for his own use and for feeding his stock half of the sweet potatoes, two-thirds of his corn, pinders, and peas, and what he raises in the garden. This will cut his net cash return down to \$370, and out of that about all he would need to supply for the following year would be necessary clothes, rice, flour, coffee, and sugar. At the end of the year he will have a farm which he can sell for \$800 if he wants to.

"Rough clothes," states the Georgia man, "few dollars of cash, and fare which is based on the two staples, bread and potatoes—these are the portion of many of the farming folks I know, and the city man must be prepared to accept them all for the time it takes him to rise above the level of the incompetent."

"Are these things understood, and is the wife willing to go and take the children? If Mr. Cityman can answer yes to this question, I would advise him to go when he has a capital of \$1,000."



Better than money for travel

These cheques are making money matters easy and safe for American tourists in all parts of the civilized world.

"A.B.A." Cheques

are safe to carry because your signature is required to make them good and they may be replaced if lost or stolen.

You can use them like the foreign money of any country for traveling expenses and purchases. Hotel people, the best shops, and others dealing with tourists, know they are as good as actual money and are glad to accept them in payment of bills.

50,000 banks throughout the world have agreed to cash them without personal introduction — your signature identifies you. The most convenient, SAFEST way to carry "travel money" is in "A.B.A." Cheques.

Get them at your Bank

If your bank is not yet supplied with them write for information as to where they can be obtained in your vicinity.

BANKERS TRUST CO., New York City



VULCAN-SET
TRADE MARK
IN RUBBER

Made in many styles. Never shed hairs. Outwear all others. Always lather a face as it should be and help to make a shave a pleasure. Method by which manufactured corrects all defects and creates lowest selling prices ever offered.

Every seller of Whiting-Adams brushes has them or will quickly get them if required.

INVINCIBLE
TRADE MARK
HAIR BRUSHES

Because of the splendid method of construction used and unfailing excellence of material, recognized everywhere as the best.

John L. Whiting-J. J. Adams Co.
BOSTON, U.S.A.
Makers of all kinds of brushes for all purposes.
Brush manufacturers for over 100 years and the largest in the world.

Our Relations with Russia

DULUTH, MINN.

EDITOR COLLIER'S:

In a recent issue of COLLIER'S appeared a paragraph in which was embodied a woeful lamentation over our Russian relations. The writer has nothing akin to COLLIER'S, commercial or editorial, but he has always taken a sentimental pride in the clearness and fearlessness of its vision. He is the more chagrined, therefore, at your deplorable error. To mistake the wrath of 90,000,000 American souls protesting against a barbarian's ignorance of our most precious principles of justice and equality as "newspaper chauvinism" is inexcusable. To express fear at what might happen to American citizens in general, sojourning in Russia, where formerly you manifested little or no concern at the actual prevalence of this attitude by Russia toward a special class of American citizens, is anything but patriotic. It is a violation of the most sacred of all the laws that have made this country what it is to-day—one for all, all for one.

YOUR fears may be justifiable, however much I doubt it, but surely the Russian editors entertain no similar fears for their subjects in our States. Because of the likelihood that conditions prevail as you depict them, the general tone of your comment is one of concession to that benighted domain and endorsement of its principles. If all that protects its consular officers from the viciousness of the Imperial Government is a signed manuscript, should an enlightened government in this twentieth century conduct relations with the latter?

To mistake the courageous championing of these sacred laws as an astute bid for the Jewish vote is a most unjustifiable reflection upon the most worthy Governor of your Empire State.

Himself a Jew, the writer would be the last man in the world to ask, even of enlightened America, that her rulers place in the path of her entire citizenship the dangers that you say beset her citizens on Russian soil, if all that was to be gained was mere justice to the handful of Jewish Americans. But this has never been considered in the light of a Jewish question. It has always been and still is an American question to which the protests of 90,000,000 beings serve as nonrefutable testimony. To escape the position that we must occupy with respect to Russia, the legislators of our nation were allotted an entire year.

Is not the cause of this terrible situation now clear to you? From your paragraph it apparently is not.

Our Congress was never asked to denounce this treaty in order that our Jewish citizens shall be benefited, but if, by its noble defense of the most sacred of all principles that have made our nation what it is, we have not strengthened our position as a great power, I must admit that the clearness of your vision far greatly excels mine.

DR. S. GROSS.

What Would You Do?

EDITOR COLLIER'S:

APPRECIATING your ability to solve the problems of State and Nation, it occurred to me that you might be willing to devote a little time and space to the case of an individual, not for the sake of the individual alone, but to help those in a similar situation.

Briefly, then, if you were a young man who had given five years of service to a large corporation; if your position scarcely paid your very moderate living expenses; if you were subject to the blusterings of petty bosses who toadied to their superiors; if you were firmly convinced that your education and ability fitted you for a position where advancement depended not on "pull" or length of service but solely upon capability; if you wanted such a position not only for financial reasons but also on account of a strong desire to do something worth while; if, for the past two or three years, you had been searching for such a position and found it not — what, oh, what, would you do?

ANXIOUS.

Niagara Falls is in your pathway



THE Beauty Grandeur and Power of Niagara attract visitors from every part of the earth.

Have you seen Niagara Falls, with its wonderful gorge and exciting whirlpool?

When you travel Westward or Eastward by way of the New York Central Lines, Niagara Falls is in your pathway.

Stopover privilege is cheerfully granted to all our passengers.

An illustrated booklet with a most comprehensive map of the Niagara Falls district is mailed for the asking. Address Travel Bureau, Room 2014, Grand Central Terminal, New York.



Tarvia

Preserves Roads
Prevents Dust



Dudley Avenue, Westfield, N. J.

A Tarvia Town

THERE are many towns in this country which began with Tarvia years ago and finding it successful have extended its use on their roadways year by year as a matter of fixed policy. Such a town is Westfield, N. J., which now has 19 miles of tarvated streets.

Mr. A. W. Vars, the town engineer, reports that the "Tarvia B" treatment on all these streets averaged 1 1/4 c. per square yard for the season of 1912; compared with the cost of keeping

down the dust and maintaining the road surface by any other method, this is a very low figure. The roads have been free from dust and have not been seriously impaired by automobile traffic.

Tarvia acts as a binder and cements the road surface firmly together in a plastic matrix. Automobiles do not hurt such a surface but roll it down smoother.

The amount of new stone screenings needed for surface maintenance is greatly reduced by the Tarvia treatment and the road keeps in better condition. The longer the Tarvia treatment is maintained, the less the annual cost.

Booklets on request

BARRETT MANUFACTURING COMPANY
New York Chicago Philadelphia Boston St. Louis Kansas City Cleveland
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THE PATERSON MFG. CO., Ltd. — Montreal Toronto Winnipeg Vancouver St. John, N. B. Halifax, N. S.



For Business Men

This Self-Filling

Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pen

is Refilled in an Instant,
from Any Ink Supply,
by Pressing Here →

The ink **intake** is conveniently controlled by this inner filling device; the ink **outlet** is accurately governed and safeguarded by the patented Spoon Feed. This Self-Filler is one of the three standard types of Waterman's Ideals and is guaranteed to have the usual

Waterman's Ideal Superiority

There is a style of Waterman's Ideal for every member of the family; large and small sizes, plain and handsomely mounted in gold and silver, safety pens for women and with pen points to fit every hand. Prices \$2.50 and upwards.

Illustrated Booklet on Request.

Avoid Substitutes.

From the Best Dealers Everywhere

L. E. Waterman Company, 173 Broadway, New York
24 School St., Boston; 115 So. Clark St., Chicago; 17 Stockton St., San Francisco;
102 Notre Dame St., W. Montreal; Kingsway, London; 6 Rue de Hanovre, Paris.



SPENCERIAN SILVERED STEEL PENS

Non-corrosive. New Patterns
Nos. 38, 39, 40, 41

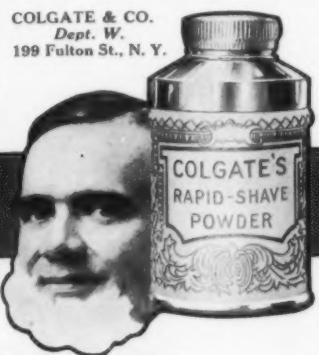
Free Samples will be sent on receipt of post card request, mentioning this advertisement in this May 3 issue of Collier's.

SPENCERIAN PEN COMPANY
349 Broadway, New York

COLGATE'S RAPID-SHAVE POWDER

A quick lather—a clean shave. Trial box (size shown) sent for four cents in stamps.

COLGATE & CO.
Dept. W.
199 Fulton St., N. Y.



PARIS GARTERS No metal can touch you



Look for the name
PARIS
on the back of
the shield

A. Stein & Co., Makers
Chicago and New York



25c-50c

The Business of Arson: Confirmation

From Chicago's Special Grand Jury

ON April 4 Chicago's special grand jury on arson brought in a report declaring that 50 per cent of Chicago's fires were incendiary. It placed the greater part of the blame upon the insurance companies themselves.

"The grand jury," says its report, "further finds that this business of arson is regularly carried on by many of the public adjusters, who, after arranging for the making of fires, also represent the assured in the settlement for adjustment of the claims against the insurance companies."

"It is the practice among many of the insurance companies to accept what are commonly known as 'rotten risks' from insurance brokers in order that the companies may get the preferred business of such brokers. In other words, if a broker controls desirable business, many of the insurance companies allow him to turn in these 'rotten risks' for fear that if this doubtful business is refused the broker may take his preferred business to other companies."

From the Mayor of New York

DEAR MR. McFARLANE:

I THANK you for your article in COLLIER'S WEEKLY, but why do you write to me as though I need to be convinced of its truth?

Sincerely yours, (Signed)

W. J. GAYNOR, Mayor.

Fire Fighters Know

FIRE fighters have not been in any doubt as to where the responsibility lay for much of the country's fire loss. But the general public has not known. It is now being told. . . . If any of our readers has a large supply of pity on hand and nobody in particular to give it to, we would suggest that he present some of it to the insurance companies. —From the *Fireman's Herald*, March 29.

Suggests Newspaper Repudiation

EDITOR COLLIER'S:

I HAVE been greatly interested in the series of articles which have been appearing in COLLIER'S upon the subject of arson. To my mind this is one of the biggest and most important subjects that is to be considered by this nation to-day, and I believe the articles will arouse the public conscience to the extent that action, which will result in great good to the country, will follow.

If your articles could be published in every local, as well as daily, paper in this State, and in every other State in the Union, it would, in my opinion, prove of greater benefit than a revision of the tariff or monetary system, or any other reform which is now sought by the new Administration. —IKE S. LEWIS,
Superintendent of Insurance, Kansas.

"Malignancy of Collier's Yellow Editor Exposed"

THE dull if cunning brain of COLLIER'S editor. . . . The sneaking hypocrisy of his insinuations. . . . COLLIER'S newspaper is laying a deeper and wider-mouthed accusation as its series of yellow articles on 'The Business of Arson' draws nearer home. . . .

—Insurance Field, April 3.

Inquiry Demanded

THERE is probably enough truth in these charges to justify the demand that the insurance business as now conducted should be the subject of an independent investigation.

—The Toronto (Can.) *Mail and Empire*, April 4.

Situation a National Menace

COLLIER'S WEEKLY declares that insurance adjusters, business men, and others high in the commercial world are the real principals in the "arson trust." With full appreciation of the gravity of its charge, it declares that the insurance companies' highest officers concur in the frightful business on the cold-blooded principle that a certain number of losses are desirable for their effect in bringing in business through fire scares. . . . The legislative bodies of America are just now showing great interest in the exploitation of women and children and its relation to the social evil. There

is seeming proof that if the fire insurance situation were as deeply probed it would discover a situation fit to rank with white slavery as a national menace.—Los Angeles (Cal.) *Tribune*.

Work for Legislative Bodies

THE series of articles by Arthur E. McFarlane in COLLIER'S WEEKLY on "The Business of Arson" is a revelation. . . . This is a matter which should receive the immediate attention of legislative bodies.—Deadwood (S. Dak.) *Telegram*.

A Rotten Spot in Industrial Organism

COLLIER'S WEEKLY is rendering a real service to the country in a series of articles which it is printing under the title "The Business of Arson." The searchlight of publicity has been inexorably turned upon a rotten spot in our industrial organism to which little or no attention has been paid in times past.—Grand Rapids (Mich.) *Herald*.

Facts Made the Series Sensational

COLLIER'S WEEKLY announced a short time ago that it was going to print a sensation in a series of articles under the general heading of "The Business of Arson." The publication of these articles is a far greater sensation than anything for many a day; and they are based on facts. They should awaken all honest people.—Durango (Colo.) *Herald*.

Insurance Business Should be Reconstructed

RECENT exposures in court and in COLLIER'S WEEKLY call for an entire reconstruction of the insurance business. Men who pay the premiums should demand of these trustees of the property of others that they install a system which will destroy the criminal conspiracy under which the fire loss of America has grown to such alarming proportions. . . . The searching articles which COLLIER'S has been publishing should attract more attention than they have yet received.—The Petersburg (Fla.) *Independent*.

No Wonder that Arson Grows

ONE who has been reading the series of articles running in COLLIER'S could not wonder that year after year arson should continue to grow.—Sioux Falls (S. Dak.) *Leader*.

Blame for Present Laws

HUNTINGDON, PA.

EDITOR COLLIER'S:

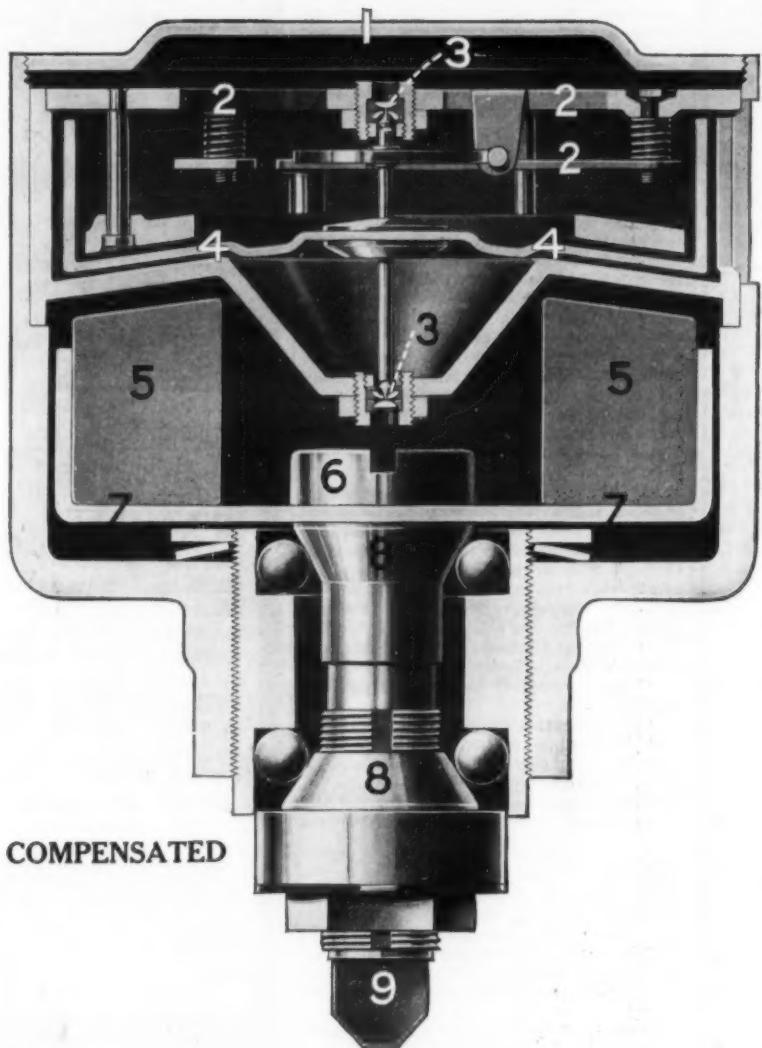
WE have read with a very great deal of interest your series of articles on arson, but please do be fair to the insurance company and to the insurance agent. We do not believe your articles as yet state the case quite fairly. For instance, in an adjoining county all licenses were refused. A man had a large hotel, and had possibly in actual money in the building fifteen or sixteen thousand dollars, but after he lost his license the building could not have been sold for more than four or five thousand dollars. In other words, the value was in the license. He tried to continue his hotel, but it was impossible to do so. Under very suspicious circumstances the building burned down. The insurance companies were morally certain the man had set it on fire. He had about twelve or fourteen thousand dollars of insurance—in other words, he had about eighty per cent of the value of the building as a licensed hotel, insured. The companies settled the loss at about three-fourths of the amount of insurance. They could not exactly prove that he had set it on fire. Everything looked that way, but—and please have your writer note this—had they taken the case into court, without question the jury would have made them pay the entire amount of the policy plus the cost. In other words, the insurance companies have come to learn that in every case where they bring a suit of this kind before the court that the local juries will soak the company to the limit. We have seen this happen so many times that we have lost confidence in our courts along this line. Your facts as to the number of incendiary fires are without question true.

W. EMMETT SWIGART.

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QUALITY AUTO-METER

The First and Foremost Magnetic Speedometer



This is the Speed Indicating Element in the Warner Auto-Meter.

Correct in principle, in design and workmanship.

The very ultimate for the purpose.

Pivots are ground and polished under a microscope and stepped in jeweled bearings.

This construction insures that absence of friction that guarantees its wonderful accuracy.

Many such features as the above, together with the *extremely slow shaft* speed of the Warner drive have made the

Warner Famous

The Warner Auto-Meter Factory, Dept. 14, Beloit, Wisconsin

INTERNATIONAL SERVICE

Service stations in all the principal cities of the world

\$1250 FOR HUSBANDS

THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL purposes to divide \$1250 among five husbands who will tell, frankly and fully:

Why I wanted my wife to be my wife

THESE are the questions that young men daily ask of older men:

How did you positively know that your wife, when you met her, was the one woman in all the world with whom you wanted to live for the rest of your life?

What was the one single dominant trait that determined the fact for you?

In other words, the young man asks: How can I surely tell not only that I am not going wrong in asking a girl to be my wife, but also that I shall, if she accept me, not do her a lifelong wrong and injustice?

These are the questions young men are asking every day and that are worthy of a serious answer by every man who, having successfully solved them for himself, can help other men to solve them for themselves.

Never have a group of women so decidedly, helpfully and fully answered the question as in the recent LADIES' HOME JOURNAL offer: "How did you know when the right man came?" These wonderful answers, the most wonderful that any magazine ever received, will shortly be published in the LADIES' HOME JOURNAL. Directly following these we want to present the man's side of the problem, so that both young unmarried women and young unmarried men may be helped.

Therefore, here is the husband's chance to tell for the benefit of young men: "Why I wanted my wife to be my wife."

Five prizes are offered:

- \$500 for the Best Article
- \$300 for the Second Best Article
- \$200 for the Third Best Article
- \$150 for the Fourth Best Article
- \$100 for the Fifth Best Article
- \$1250 in the five prizes**

In addition, THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL hopes that the high merit of the articles generally will warrant the purchase of many more manuscripts. Of course all material obtained from this contest will be published *strictly anonymously*.

Please Observe These Conditions

No manuscript submitted should exceed 3000 words. Whenever possible the manuscripts should be typewritten, but if this is impossible they should be written in ink, neatly and clearly, and on one side of the paper—never on both sides. The writer's name and address should appear on the first page. All manuscripts must be sent flat or folded; no rolled manuscripts will be considered. And as no manuscripts can be returned under any circumstances please do not inclose stamps. The contest will be open until July 1. Manuscripts received after that date cannot be considered. The results of the contest will be announced in THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL as soon after July 1 as possible. Address all manuscripts to

THE PERSONAL EDITOR
THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL
Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

The Silent Partner

(Continued from page 8)

House received the Governor in his then apartments at the Hotel Gotham. It was a case of liking at first sight. The Governor's time was limited to one hour, but both found it all too short, and an appointment for a second meeting within a few days was made. Thus began what is best described as a sweet and beautiful friendship between two men of lofty aim and rare equipment, each of whom is in a sense the exact complement of the other. The one knew theory, and the other knew practice; one had spent his time in classrooms reasoning from generals down to particulars; the other had spent his in State politics reasoning from particulars up to generals; one was a man teacher, the other was a man teacher. Wilson knew men in the mass—House knew them as individuals. Wilson's long suit was the general principle; House played principles, too, but he knew when to trump a trick with a measure of practical expediency.

Wilson was a statesman with an instinct for politics. House was a politician with a genius for statecraft.

TWO BRAINS THAT THINK AS ONE

IT is doubtful if there was a man in America with an equipment which could be more useful to Candidate Wilson. Certainly there was no man believing more devoutly in him or more willing to be used by him. By a law of nature the two men rushed together. They twain became one political flesh.

In the year and a half that has passed this friendship has grown and flowered and reseeded itself. They understand each other perfectly; they trust each other. Woodrow Wilson does not himself desire the success of his own Administration more earnestly than Edward M. House does—and the President knows this.

All through the election campaign Colonel House watched over his candidate with the solicitude of a mother. When perplexities arose, the sure-headed Colonel was at the elbow of the Governor with the right line of advice.

When Roosevelt was shot, Colonel House became fearful for the safety of his friend, and telegraphed Bill McDonald, the famous Texas ranger:

"Come at once—important—bring your artillery."

McDonald, thinking his friend House was in trouble, rushed into town, borrowed a clean shirt, buckled on his armament, and telegraphed: "I'm a-comin'."

When he arrived, Colonel House put him to guarding the life of Woodrow Wilson.

POLITICAL LONG HAIR

WHILE Colonel Roosevelt lay in the hospital, the chivalrous instincts of the Democratic nominee inclined him to cancel his speaking dates. His official advisers were against this. Not so Colonel House. "You are right," he telephoned to Princeton, "stay off the stump."

Perhaps at no time was Colonel House more needed by Governor Wilson than in those first thirty days at Sea Girt immediately succeeding the Baltimore convention, but unfortunately the Colonel was in Europe. In that month practically the entire leadership and much of the rank and file of the party came to Sea Girt and passed in procession before their Scotch-minded, scholar-looking candidate. Both sides endeavored to be affable and both appeared to feel some little sense of strain. Politicians looked the candidate over with interest and awe; the candidate looked his party henchmen over with no very great show of either interest or awe, and at times barely escaped seeming bored. As long as speeches were being made he listened with the greatest respect and responded with unfailing felicity; but when the speech making was done, when delegations broke into groups and things reached the back-slapping, rib-knuckling point, there were some of the most awkward stage waifs in American political history.

Even then, however, Mr. Wilson was what the prize-ring writers call "an excellent judge of distance." He could fold a man to his bosom or hold him off a mile and do either with a chuckling cordiality that afforded no target for resentment. Statesman after statesman, politician upon politician, would-be adviser on top of would-be adviser came down to the New Jersey executive cottage and posed himself gracefully in the

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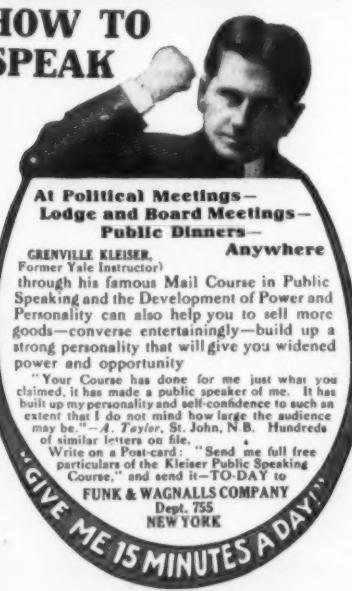
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foreground until he got all sorts of cramps and rheums while waiting for the first gentleman of Democracy to recognize and beckon him into his suite. And while the smile of the first gentleman was sure and full-toothed, there was seldom a beck in it. It was a dee-lighted-to-see-you-just-where-you-are-and-no-nearer-than-you sort of greeting.

As a matter of fact, political long hair, as such, does not interest Mr. Wilson. In those days he did not know quite what to do with it. But oh, how he has learned! The difference between the anxious courtesy with which he received his porch-rail guests at Sea Girt and the brisk amiability with which he separates the sheep from the goats in Tumulty's reception room at Washington, giving each his accurate due without ever offending one, and then blowing the whole flock off the end of his hand like a kiss while he expeditiously gets back to his work, is the difference between the maidenly amateur and the master of his craft.

The President's own sagacity, cock-sure courage, and a plentiful share of Wilson luck which begins to be proverbial, got him through these trying times, and by the latter part of August Colonel House, himself by no means the back-slapping, rib-knuckling sort, was home from Europe and entirely at the call of his friend. Since then the President has at no time lacked the assistance of this deft and experienced manhandler whose friends delight to call him "an unofficial statesman."

SOME INSIDE VIEWS

"Will you, out of your intimate acquaintance with him, name the outstanding trait in President Wilson's character?" I asked Colonel House, seizing the opportunity.

"Courage," he answered unhesitatingly. "Woodrow Wilson is the bravest man in America. He has as much physical courage as old Bill McDonald; as much moral courage as Charles W. Eliot."

Some people would not have thought of Charles W. Eliot as the highest type of moral courage. Colonel House did. I point to that as a side light on his character.

Browsing among Cabinet members, one finds as high regard for the advice and judgment of Colonel House as in the Executive mansion. One praised his broad humanity and unselfishness; another spoke of his genius for organization, and characterized him as "the most remarkable man in America"; a third commended his sincerity, patriotism, and delicious sense of humor; a fourth declared him "a man of rare force whose sympathies are with the people"; a fifth branded him as a sort of Texas Talleyrand; while a sixth, not a Cabinet member, said: "Divest Machiavelli of every bad quality and House is the great Florentine." In one thing all agree—he is the rarest Judge of the moral and intellectual worth of a man.

Summing up, I find an unselfish ambition for the common good at the bottom of all his qualities. Add to this an Aelian temper and a Lincolnian simplicity, and you get the soil out of which the man has grown.

I wanted to talk to some of his enemies, and was told he had none.

"He seems to get his friends into office," I observed.

"But," was the reply, "that is not because they are his friends, but because, being his friends, he has an opportunity to know what their qualities are, and once knowing a man to be worthy of trust, he will go the limit upon him."

TAKING OFF THE TOTALS

IN matters of policy his judgment seems to be colored by no passion and clouded by no prejudice. His manner is ingratiating. He does not bluster; he thinks. In argument he does not overbear with a full tide of his own steam, but instead sets up the cards carelessly almost, a reason here, an inference there, a situation yonder, and so allows his opponent to convince himself. He turns no thumbscrews; he wields no clubs; his weapons are of the mind. Nor does there appear to be anything ulterior in his motives, or occult in his method. I see no foreboding in his relationship to the President. The closeness of that relation is creditable to both men and fortunate for the country. It has no sinister connotation. Edward M. House is no *Oliver le Diable*. He is at once a friend of the President and of the people. Because he is the last so completely, he is the first so intimately.



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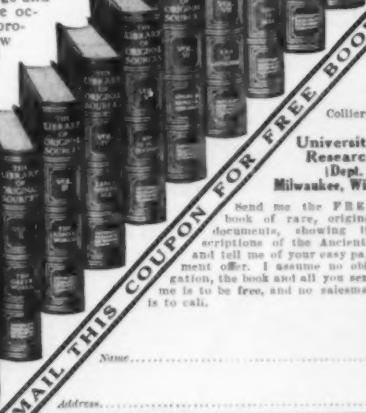
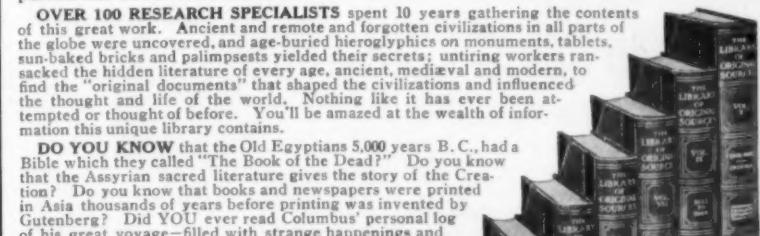
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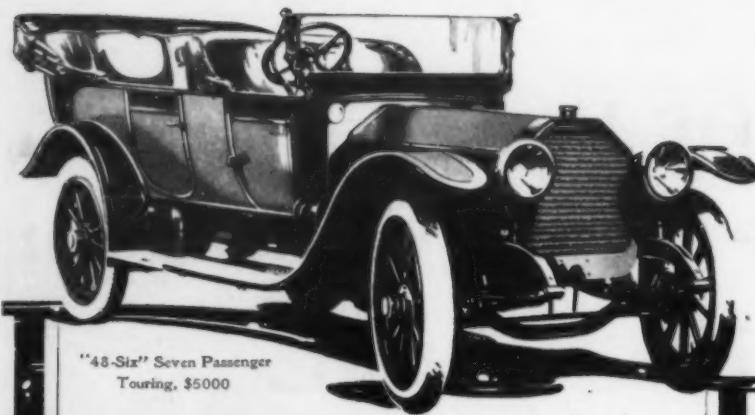
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Divorce to Order

(Continued from page 30)

the way I've done and I'm frank about it—to my lawyer," she added with a little laugh.

And in the days which followed—days in which other women answered my advertisement—I found that she was correct.

By the time I had called Mr. Jordan to my office, shown him the error of his ways in believing he could fight his wife in the divorce courts, showing him also some of the testimony that might be offered truthfully against him and persuaded him to make a settlement of two thousand dollars on his wife and then allow the case to go by default, I was handling the cases of three other women of the stripe of Mrs. Jordan. I was coming into the knowledge also that the whole marital fabric is underlined with just such women as this—women who marry with the knowledge that a divorce will only cost ten dollars, who stay with their husbands until they see a way of "trimming them," to use the words of my client, who either trumpet up their charges or inveigle their husbands into situations where their testimony will be truthful and then get out of the marriage agreement with what money they can. The thing sickened me. Snitch thought I had been, work in the police court seemed better than this.

There was something ghoulish about it, in a way. But I thought of the days in the police court—I still was forced to be there a great part of my time, for my divorce business was not yet fully established—and of the easier work of parting men and women. After all, if I did not do the work and get the money, some one else would, and from one to five hundred dollars a case was not to be sneered at.

However, I failed in the three next cases. I obtained the divorce, of course, but received no money other than the primary ten dollars. The women did not seem to care much. In these instances they were seeking freedom that they might marry other men with more money and who might be good for better amounts when the time for separation came. I saw that I must build up my business to a point where the better class of persons were concerned and where the payment for the work would be larger in the beginning. Ten dollars was the maximum settled payment for the class of women I was working for now. They knew they could get a divorce for that, and they would pay no more. My chance for something higher came within a few weeks.

She was a shy little thing, a bit too pretty and too childish ever to have been married in the first place. She was well dressed, richly dressed, to my eyes—eyes which had seen nothing but the tawdry side of human finery for so long. She was hesitant and nervous as she entered my office and stood uncertainly by the door as I approached her. I came close and noticed that the red marks of tears still were present. I motioned her to a chair.

"You are in trouble," I began in my smoothest tone. I knew that there would be no chance for the rough joking to which the other class of women had been accustomed. The little woman twisted her hands in her lap and then looked up at me from under heavy lashes. There was a bit of an apologetic smile on her lips.

"I didn't catch your name," I added.

"Mrs. Fred Landor," she answered, and gave an address which pleased me. It was that of the real residence part of the city. "I read your advertisement in the paper and thought maybe you might help me. I—"

"In regard to a divorce?" I questioned. Mrs. Landor's face grew more serious.

"No"—there was a wistful something in her voice—"and yes. I have been wondering whether you couldn't talk to my husband and make him think I was going to get a divorce and scare him. You see, we quarreled and—"

"And you want to make him treat you better," I supplemented.

The tears were beginning to come now. "Yes—we—maybe it's my fault that we fuse this way, but—"

I RAISED my head. Across my mind had flashed the words of my old friend, the attorney. There came to me his advice that never must I fall in the parting of man and wife. It was to be a part of the building of my reputation.

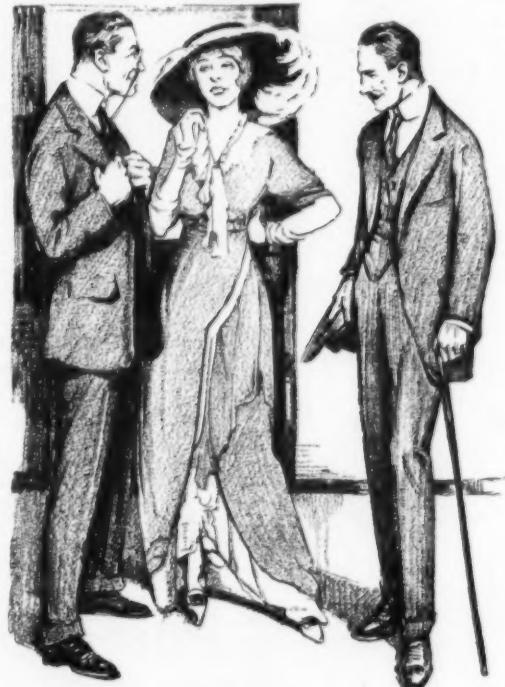
"Mrs. Landor," I interrupted, "you are not a woman to take marriage vows lightly. If you had not been driven to it, you never would have come here to see me. You left your home this morning determined to get a divorce. Now you are frightened—you merely want your husband talked to. You've been mistreated, Mrs. Landor, or you never would have come here. Now truthfully and honestly, is your husband all that he should be to you?"

I had started self-pity to work in her mind. The tears began to come faster.

"Well—"

"Haven't you been too forgiving with him? Answer me honestly."

She hesitated a moment, and in that hesitancy she lost her husband. Mrs. Landor was not a strong-minded woman. Her mentality was of the sort which



And together the three of us would figure out the evidence

accepted trivialities as the deepest insults; she was prone to self-pity and too much self-appraisal. She believed herself, in a girlish sort of way, a little too good for the best man who ever lived. After ten minutes of conversation with her, I had read between the lines. I was waiting for her answer. At last it came—in the affirmative. I began again.

"What is it about your married life that makes you sad, Mrs. Landor?" I asked. "I can see that you have been sad, very sad."

"Well, it's just this," she burst out, and I knew I had started the stream. "my husband just seems to think that I never need any attention. We never go anywhere together; he's just so wrapped up in trying to pull that old business of his up from what it was that he can't see anything else in life. He'll come home worried and morose and moody. Sometimes he hardly even kisses me. Lots of times when we do go out to the theatre or something like that he'll hardly speak to me all the way. Maybe he's too absorbed in business worries or something of that kind, but—"

"What is your first name, Mrs. Landor?" I broke in.

"Margaret."

"Thank you." I had opened the door and motioned to the stenographer. "When were you married?"

"September 18, 1896. Of course I know that he is really busy and that it won't be this way all the time, but it just seems that—"

"You have quarreled over this?"

"Yes."

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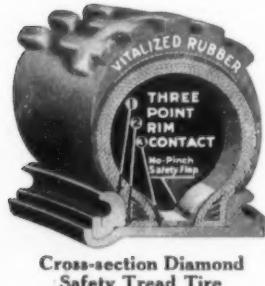
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THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

I turned to the stenographer, who had seated herself at my desk.

"Petition in divorce," I dictated. "In the Circuit Court of — County, Mo., December term, 1898. Margaret Landor, Plaintiff, vs. Fred Landor, Defendant.

"Plaintiff states that on or about the 18th day of September, 1896, at —, State of Missouri, she was lawfully married to the defendant and continued to live with him as his wife from and after said date until on or about —." I turned and faced her. "You are leaving your husband to-day, I take it?" She rose. Her face and even her lips were white. She put forth a hand—she seemed dazed.

"I—I don't understand," she began.

"I am dictating your petition in divorce," I replied.

"My petition—I—"

I raised a hand.

"Mrs. Landor," I said, and my tone was stern, "which would you rather do—have the suffering now and be happy again soon, or go dragging on with this miserable state of affairs, each day be-

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In the five minutes which followed I told the little woman before me of the dangers of married life where husband and wife were not congenial. Again and again I showed her where quarrels and love cannot exist. The work was hard. I must strike and strike quick.

"I want you to realize one thing, Mrs. Landor," I said. "This is simply a case of who takes the first step. It is the usual thing for a woman to forgive and forgive—then to awaken to the fact that her husband has tricked her, that he has become tired of her, and that he himself has brought the divorce and thrown her out into the world without a chance to live. You owe it to yourself to do this. You—"

THE door opened. I passed a sheet of paper in front of the staring-eyed woman. I pressed a pen into her hand. "Sign there," I said.

She obeyed without reading. Then I took the paper and faced her with a serious, impelling expression on my countenance.

"Mrs. Landor," I said, "you realize, of course, that you have taken an oath to your charges."

"An oath?" she started.

"One from which you cannot very well escape. It is best for you that you have—it will make you happy. I will read it to you:

"Margaret Landor, the above-named plaintiff, makes oath and says that the facts stated in the above petition are true according to the best of her knowledge and belief, and that the complaint is not made out of levity, fear, or collusion between the plaintiff and the defendant for the mere purpose of being separated from each other, but in sincerity and truth for the causes mentioned in the above petition."

"That is all, Mrs. Landor," I finished. "This will be filed within an hour. I suppose you have friends or relatives to whom you can go?"

"Yes," she answered, as though in a half dream.

"The name, if you please?"

Ten minutes later I escorted her to the door of the building. Her case was mine. I knew that her husband, in the first surprise of the unfairness of it all, would do what any other man would do—be angry enough to announce himself glad that his wife had left him. That one announcement would suffice. Mrs. Landor never would go back to him. My entrance to the better strata of life had been made. My precept, never to allow a divorce suit to escape me, was being followed. It is true that I did not sleep well that night, but I slept better than I would have six months before. My conscience gradually was becoming dulled.

M. R. LANDOR did as I believed he would. Filled with genuine anger, he declared himself through with womankind forever. He divided his property with his wife, and then, true to the unwritten law of America, as concerns divorces, he stayed away from court, allowed his wife to make her somewhat technical charges, and the divorce to be granted.

For there is such a law in America. Perhaps it all began in the olden time when chivalry was at its highest; perhaps it did not begin until later; just the same there exists a feeling in the hearts of men that to fight a woman in the divorce court is unmanly and ungentlemanly. No matter what the charges made by the wife may be, they must go through unanswered. The wife must be allowed to do as she pleases. If she desires a divorce, and the money consideration thereof is not too large, she must be allowed it—and it is this fact, this view of things, which has made life pleasant for us who cut the marriage bonds. Of course there are exceptions. There are times when men, angered even beyond chivalry, will fight their wives until the last moment—but the instances are not numerous. And so, once assured, the road was easy for me. From the material Mrs. Landor had given me, it was a simple matter to force that divorce to a culmination. I placed Mrs. Landor's character witnesses on the stand. They testified to the fact that she was of good moral character, that, as far as they knew, she had demeaned herself as a model wife. Then, in ten minutes, I had put the story of the wife herself, told to the accompaniment of the inevitable tears, before the court.

But in those ten minutes the simple story which she had told in my office changed greatly. The truth was still

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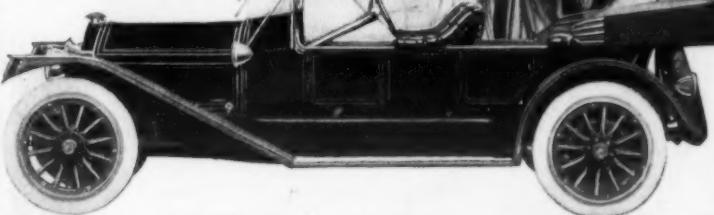
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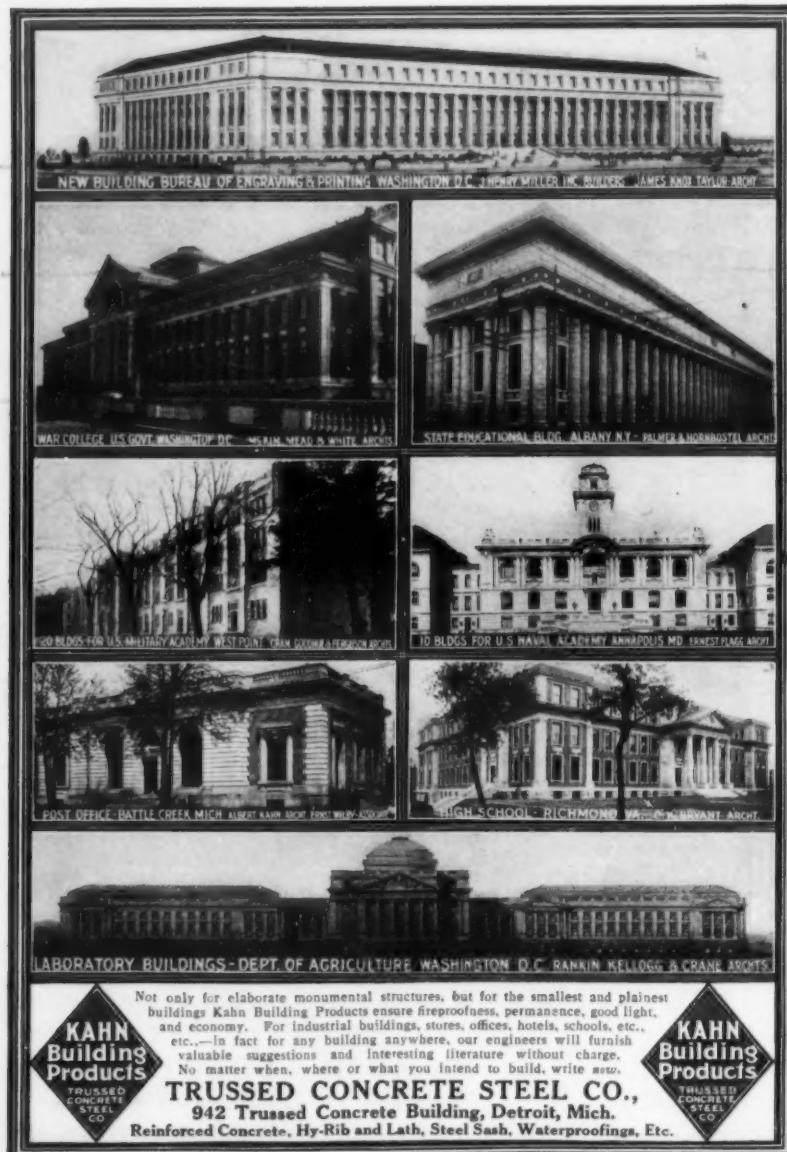
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there, but a twisted question here, an implied inference there, and the fact that Fred Landor was absorbed and silent at times resolved itself into the assertion that he was surly and disagreeable. His lack of desire to go into society metamorphosed itself into a ogrelike command over his wife; into holding her a sort of captive within his house. There were the quarrels to be told of. Was there ever a quarrel in which bitter things were not said? Once he had slapped her playfully. Both were laughing and joking at the time—the slapping was done in jest and burlesque. We left the explanation out when the story was told. The court heard that Fred Landor, fairly prominent business man, had slapped his wife. The charge of indignities was proved. The clerk of the court entered the case on his books to the credit of the plaintiff. Mrs. Fred Landor was free again.

IT was not long before I began to feel the effects of this suit. Mrs. Landor, before her marriage, had moved in some of the high circles of the city. Her acquaintanceship among women of a part of society was wide. Naturally they knew who had procured her divorce for her. Within a week I had the case of a fairly rich woman and my fees were growing. I withdrew my advertisement now. There was no need of it, for I was getting a sort of advertising no newspaper ever could give me—the advertising of women to women. And from women the divorce attorney must gain most of his business.

This entrance into the upper stratum brought me amazement. As the years went on, and my business grew better and bigger, and the old days of the police court faded into an ugly dream, I saw deeper into the human lives of what is called society—and more than once I thought of those other women who had come to me in the first days of my entrance into the divorce business. True, it was only once in a while that I found anyone wholly and truly out to marry a man only to steal his money from him by divorce. More often, in a case like that, the woman who had married a man for his money stayed by him for the benefit of that money—and for the benefit his position in life gave her. But as regarded divorce, and the thought of it, I found it yearly and monthly becoming less of a bugbear. The women in the old days were willing to go to any means to get the divorce they desired. I found in the upper stratum that the women and the men alike were willing to take the same steps if the occasion were serious enough. In those years, too, I handled more than one case in which the primary visit came from the husband and wife together, and in which they told me frankly and plainly that they were tired of each other, that they wanted to quit and were willing to do almost anything to accomplish it. And together the three of us would figure out the evidence, we would decide what the wife would say upon the stand, how she should detail that her husband had mistreated her. And more than once after these interviews we parted with laughter and happiness showing in the eyes of all of us.

A BAD bargain soon was to be at an end, and all of us were glad of it; the husband and wife were glad that they were soon to be separated; I was glad that I was to receive a handsome fee for assistance in a case of divorce collusion, for giving my advice how to hoodwink a judge of a circuit court. Crooked? Of course it was crooked. If I had not been willing to go the whole route of crookedness—lying, perjury, and deception—I might still have been at the police court, freeing petty offenders for a dollar or two apiece. I had been in the other business five years now, and my annual income was nearly seven thousand dollars.

More than that, crooked as I now was, I saw that my better offices, my better bearing, my better clothes, and the connection I had had with certain of the town's upper crust was gaining me respect. Other lawyers did not sneer at me now as they passed me. Incidentally I was beginning to learn that some of the other law firms of the city dabbled in divorce every now and then, and from what I could judge of the cases, they suffered fewer compunctions than I. Of course many of the suits were legitimate. Many of mine were, too.

Part II of "Divorce to Order" will appear in an early issue.



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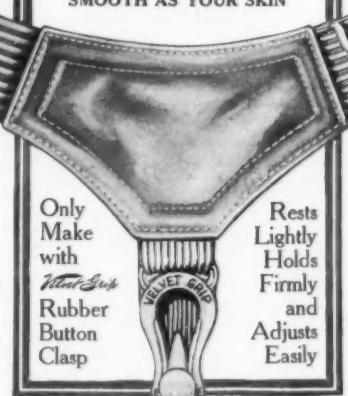


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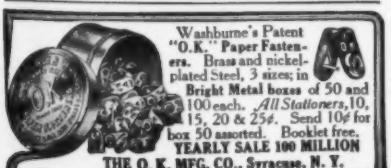
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Paddy the Gander

(Continued from page 18)

sayin' to put the trouble by till the mornin'. Like as not 'twill be gone by then."

Long into the night, his heart heavy with the sorrow that had come to Carn-na-ween, sat the Lonely Man. From the window of the inn he watched the cabin lights go out; he wondered much concerning the people. Did they sleep or did they pray? Had they the faith that was Paddy's, or did they build with over-tired minds a thousand nothings for a brave defense against the morning's need and pain?

THE silence grew unbearable. Suddenly a minor cadence of a song came to him. He never knew whether some silent passerby had hummed it, or whether it had come to him out of his own memory. He remembered it well; it was the old Gaelic air that Paddy had crooned while he was spreading the table for the fairies on that first night. The mind of the Lonely Man slipped back; and again he stood with Bridget, peering in through the uncurtained window. Every little incident came back to him distinctly; the loving care with which the work was done, the wistful smile on the old man's face, the touch of reverence as he blew out the candle—almost as though a holy service had been finished. Out of that picture an idea flashed into the mind of the Lonely Man. He rose, opened the inn door, and went out.

When he returned, an hour later, his shoes were soaked with the dew that covers the bogs at night; and his breath came fast, as it does when one has waked with fear at his heels. He laughed, feeling for the door of his room; and under his breath he quoted Bridget-of-the-Many-Curls: "Sure, it's grand luck to be givin' Paddy a penny."

EARLY the next morning he was away to the sea. By jaunting car he followed the coast from Glenties to Killybegs; and it was late in the afternoon of the second day when he reached the cross-roads again. He saw at a glance that the village was astir with some new life: the cabins of the hollow, with a score more on the hills about, had emptied their entire families into the village street; while in and out, among the chattering groups, like lost children searching for a beloved parent, straggled Paddy's gray geese, alone. Bridget was beside the car the instant it turned into the street.

"It's all on account o' Paddy—they've arrested him. Ye come, straight as ye are; the sergeant will be listenin' to ye."

Bridget's words brought a feeling of apprehension to the Lonely Man. He wondered if he had failed, and added to the load of trouble instead of lessening it. He let Bridget lead him through the crowd to the barracks: the officer guarding the door recognized a personage, and let them pass through to the inner room. There, cap in hand, on nervous, shifting feet, stood Paddy, facing four angry prosecutors: the sergeant of police, the constable, the Marquis of Carn-na-ween, and his agent, Patrick Baron. Paddy showed bewilderment, but no fear. To the Lonely Man he seemed like a child who had just been wakened in a strange place, and was trying to account for it all. His face brightened when he saw the stranger.

"Sure it's ye I'll be tellin'; an' ye'll put it plain to yonther gentlemen."

"What is the charge against Paddy?"

The Lonely Man spoke with authority.

The sergeant answered: "Stealin'—twenty pou'n' gold!"

IT was even as he had feared; still the Lonely Man felt sure of his ground. "Can you prove it?"

"Can we prove it? Can we prove it? Can ye prove wet turf makes smoke in the burnin'? Didn't Misther Baron leave twenty sovereigns in his desk after payin' off the men at the quarries yesthereve? An' weren't they gone when he went for them in the mornin'? An' didn't Paddy come down the hill with his pockets full o' gold, athrowin' it about among the neighbors—same as if it had been whortleberries he'd picked up on Binn Ban? When we fetch him along, an' tell him we've caught on to his thricks, he ups with a tale that would make a pig sick."

It was worse—far worse than the Lonely Man feared. He felt the ground slipping from under him, and groaned.



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"Will you allow Paddy to repeat his defense?" he asked.

The sergeant nodded. "Speak up, man, an' tell your grand tale."

Paddy laughed softly, as one sometimes does with a happy memory. "Aye, it was grand, just. Mind ye, it is the truth; I cannot be tellin' how the gold was taken from the Marquis, but it was not the same that lay furnist the bowl in my own wee cabin yester-morn. I found the bits when I woke up; an' then an' there I knew 'twas the faeries had left it against the hard times. 'Look, Paddy,' says I, 'twill keep the roof above Telg's head an' feed his childher while he's laid by wi' the splints on his legs. An' 'twill keep Barney out of the workhouse, an' Johnnie from goin' over the seas; aye, an' fill every empty chest in Carn-na-ween.' Sure, wasn't I tellin' ye, sir, that there was them would lift the trouble when it came?"

The sergeant grunted angrily. "What's the use o' botherin' more wi' the man? He be's half witted an' lyin' into the bargain." Then to the Marquis: "I'll fetch him along to Donegal to-morrow, your Honor; ye can appear against him there."

THE Marquis and his agent rose to go. The crowd outside had pushed past the officer, and now stood huddled about the door. Bridget was sobbing in a corner; and Paddy, leaning on his stick, waited patiently with eyes upon the Lonely Man. Gradually the eyes of the others followed Paddy's, as though, by mutual consent, they expected the stranger to say the final word. There was a long silence.

"This man is telling you the truth. I know he did not take the money," he said at last.

"Ye can't prove it," broke in the constable, "an' it's proof we're after. An' what's more—ye've got to tell sensibly how he come by the gold he had on him."

The stranger's mind groped for some defense. It was simple enough to tell the truth; it would clear Paddy and the whole affair would end with nothing worse than a laugh at their expense. But that would fix the theft on some one else—one of those poor lads, perhaps, who had been made desperate by the cry of hungry mouths. Moreover, the truth would rob Paddy of something no living hand could give back to him—his dreams. The loss of them would bring a great loneliness to Paddy; and he, the Lonely Man, knew how heavy the burden of loneliness could be. Yes, Paddy must keep his dreams, but how? There was one way—it was, in fact, the only way—he would take it; and explain afterward, when he was sure no word of it could reach Carn-na-ween. He put an arm lovingly about Paddy's shoulders.

"Paddy is right," he said solemnly; "the faeries put the gold on his table, I know it. As for the Marquis's money, I took it!"

THE Lonely Man slept in the barracks that night, closely guarded by the constable. Before he slept the Marquis and Patrick Baron saw him alone, and many things were explained and arranged between them. One thing was of paramount importance; the quarries of Paramount importance; the quarries changed hands; and Patrick Baron was authorized to reopen them on the following day, withholding, however, the name of the new owner. Is it small

wonder that the Marquis wrote him down as a fool that night?

Paddy was sitting cross-legged on a stool close to the cot, his shoes on the floor beside him, when the Lonely Man opened his eyes.

He put a warning finger to his lips; "Whist, man, we'll not be wakin' the constable; he's asleep furnist the door, I had to be walkin' over him to get to ye. Look ye!"

Paddy reached down into the depths of his rugged coat and brought out a handful of gold pieces. "Ye count them," he put twenty sovereigns into the hand of the Lonely Man.

The man was greatly perplexed, but Paddy chuckled reassuringly.

"Sure, I knew ye weren't after takin' the Marquis' gold; an' this mornin' the faeries brought it back, an' left it for ye safe, furnist their wee bowl. It were a thrick o' theirs, I'm thinkin', to put shame on the Marquis for closin' the quarries. Ye are to give the bits to the Judge in Donegal, an' tell him this: Paddy said ye were to go free." The laugh died away. "Maybe ye'll not be comin' back to Carn-na-ween—afterward?"

Reluctantly the stranger shook his head: "Not now. It is 'good-by' for a while, Paddy!"

"Good-by. I'll be thinkin' long for ye, aye, mortal long. It's like losin' one o'—the childher."

He held out a shaking hand; his trembled, and tears gathered fast in his eyes. He started for the door—his shoes in his hand; but on the threshold he turned back. Coming close to the cot again, he laid a coaxing hand on the other's arm; while he pointed to the patch of blue that showed between the grating of the window.

"Ye'll not forget the prayer? Ye'll be fetchin' it—yondther—for them—when ye go?"

And the Lonely Man promised.

THEY carried him away that day to Donegal. Because of the Marquis's intervention, he was allowed to ride unmanacled, and like a gentleman. As they neared the crossroads, a pink bundle unrolled itself from the shadow of the Lazy Bush. It was Bridget-of-the-Many-Curls, and she hailed the constable familiarly.

"Yondther's a friend o' mine. Will ye let him down for a bit—there's something I have to be tellin' him?"

The constable consenting, the Lonely Man joined Bridget on the road. She held him back that the car might pass on, out of earshot; when she spoke, her eyes were on the ground.

"They'll not take ye to prison—tell me that quick?"

"No."

There was joy, pain, and holy worship in her face when she raised it to his.

"God be praised! Paddy brought ye the gold this mornin'? Aye, I knew ye would. I put it there last night—beside the faeries' bowl."

She stopped. Turning abruptly, she faced the Lonely Man. Her eyes held his; she was trying to read what had been written there, deep in his heart. Her eyes fell; swiftly she lifted his hand, and in a manner that would have done credit to a great lady, she pressed it to her lips.

"The Blessed Mother keep ye—always. Ye'll never be tellin'? Ye'll not be blamin' him? It was Johnnie—that took it."

The Girl Who Proposed

(Continued from page 19)

a ladder leading through darkness to the world. Soft voices and laughter came from below where Agnes flirted with Charlie Tate. And Louise recalled just how Dan turned his head to look at her when he said: "Louie, do you know what all those little freckles of yours are like? Star dust!" She had treasured the words in memory, yet there seemed no reason why they should be so sweet.

Once, another evening, he had told her she was an inspiration, she kept his ambition alive. That, one would think, was a thing worth remembering. But now the days when he needed her seemed far away in the past. As she looked back toward the observatory she felt wounded, angry almost. It did not seem right he should care for a girl

who did not even know how to read his book.

They turned to the west. The wind was cool and strong. Dead tumbleweed raced along the prairie, which lay silent and colorless to the south. Now and then they flew by a ranch house, hearing far behind them the belated challenge of a bulldog.

"I am so glad, so glad about your success!" There was a thrill in her voice; and it did her good to say this—for the time, she thought she would not grieve or care about herself if only he might succeed.

He laughed tenderly in response. "You are all alike—you women. I've never forgotten a little thing about my first school-teacher. I was just starting in at

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wire, and he says all the funds in Jesus' hands have been wasted—the man admits everything. It's to be hoped he hadn't much of yours."

Louise swallowed hastily, her throat still very dry. Four thousand was not so great a sum to her as to many people, but to-night perhaps she would not have grieved for forty thousand. Turning suddenly he saw the look on her face.

"Louise, I do believe you've lost all you had! I didn't dream it meant so much to you."

She tried to answer and could not. At last she said, huskily: "Dan, please take me to the Crossing and let me try to get a train."

"Why, dear, it's no use for you to go at all."

She stood watching while he used his borrowed wrench. "Then, I suppose we must go back home," she said slowly. At last she could decide what to do. She would throw herself on his honor. "Dan," she would say, "I wrote you a letter last night that I don't want you to have. Won't you promise to return it to me unopened?" Then he might guess, but he would never know. "Dan," she began aloud—

"Wait a minute, Louise, please. I'd like to finish what I began to say a while ago, when we broke down. It began with Agnes. I went into the study last night and she was there. Something has been troubling me for a good many years. And when I saw her I said to myself: 'Why, Agnes ought to be able to give me a light on this matter.' She knows how a girl would feel, at least."

Louise drew a quick breath.

"Maybe you don't realize it, Louise; but when a man's poor—devilish poor—he hates like—like sin, I guess—to ask a girl that has money to marry him. And that has been my fix, you know, ever since I grew up."

"Money!" As Louise pronounced the word, she felt bewildered about Agnes. She felt bewildered with herself at her mistake.

She did not understand: when a woman has let love seem to begin with her, she has no peace in it at all, but must be always wondering, imagining, and envying in absurd, unlovely ways. No one knows why the woman is made so, perhaps the man must begin because love is so much more to her, and God meant her to be very sure before she gave.

He went on, she did not help him: "Let me tell you about it. I've wished you'd lose your money. And now you've had the misfortune, I feel as if I'd robbed you."

She did not want then to explain about her loss, only to hear. "Go on, Dan," she said.

"I'd have asked you anyhow if I hadn't needed your money to make you any sort of home. Till last night I'd been hoping to get this appointment, but I had begun to think I wasn't to have it. When I saw Agnes I thought I'd tell her the whole story how I'd meant, if I was appointed, to ask you to marry me; how I'd loved you, always, and hoped you cared a little for me. Then I'd say: 'Now, Agnes, what shall I do?'"

"But I didn't tell her after all, for just then the bell rang and I had my appointment. I didn't think of the work or the honor, only that now I could tell you how I'd always loved you."

He took her hands in his. His face, white and sharp as it had been the night before, bent close above hers. "But I see that I was wrong. I can't tell you, at all. Still if I had years and years to tell it in—"

She lifted her face, the eyes quite wet, to his.

They sat together, at last, in their motor, their faces turned toward home. "You must have known, always, I loved you," he told her. "There was a time when you did not care at all for me."

She remembered. "Why, yes—long ago," she admitted; and was glad of this without knowing why.

"I used to say to myself that it was a sin to try to make you love me. I knew I ought to let you alone. But if I saw you with another man, I had to fight for you, until by and by I began to believe you cared."

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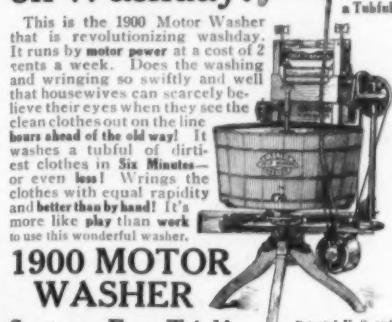
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The Business of the Theatrical Year

A View Based upon What Each Producing Manager Is Willing to Say about the Affairs of Every Other Producing Manager

By BURNS MANTLE

If you were searching for some one who could tell you whether the theatrical season in America had been a good season or a bad season, i. e., successful or unsuccessful financially, you naturally would go to the men who control it. You would ask the managers. And you would learn nothing at all about it.

Because the manager is, first of all, a showman, and it is not the showman's instinct to tell.

Catch a manager in the wake of a half-dozen failures and he will tell you, if he suspects he is talking for publication, that it has been the most successful season of his managerial career. Pin him down to facts and he will craftily insist that all his failures could be lumped together and charged to profit and loss, and his scattered "hits" would still leave him with many thousands to the good.

"A BLOOMER'S A BLOOMER"

YET, if not to the managers, where, then, for this information?

To the urbane gentleman whose business and pleasure it is to lean across the counter of a theatre ticket agency and insistently urge you to "take two for to-night"?

Never! He, too, deals exclusively in success and knows naught of failure. We thought this chap might be a dependable sort of barometer of general theatrical conditions and sought him out. It had been simply a great little season, if we would take it from him, as he repeatedly advised us to do.

"But, what of the failures?" we queried.

"Fergit 'em, son, fergit 'em," he advised; "that's what we do. A bloomer's a bloomer, and you can't get by it. When they're dead they're dead. Leave 'em lay."

Which, in its way, is good advice, though not at all helpful in a search for statistics. From the speculator's standpoint this deduction is simple enough. It is his business to deal in "knockouts"—those superlatively popular hits for which he sells most of the seats and for which you can never get anything at the box office save a forced smile from the treasurer and the information that two in the twentieth row near the door a week from Thursday is the best he can do for you. The "bloomer" is the failure that lasts a week or a month, depending upon the size of the backer's bank roll.

There is a way, however, in which fairly reliable information regarding the "show business" may be secured (and this is a secret!): You first catch your manager, then ingratiate yourself into his confidence, and then talk to him, not of his own affairs, which are always flourishing or about to flourish, but concerning the affairs of the Other Fellow. This information is, of course, confidential, and confidences may not be betrayed to the extent of mentioning names, dates, and other details, but the facts are none the less interesting.

A MILLION'S WORTH OF FAILURES

THE THEREFORE, while you may gather from the statements of the leading producing managers of America that the season of 1912-13 has been a most unusually successful period for the theatres, the observant and unprejudiced gentleman screened by the branches of a friendly tree may well be forgiven if he sees it differently.

For instance, of the 120 productions made in the regular producing theatres of New York this season, from August 15 to March 15, eighty-two may conservatively be classed as financial failures. These failures cost their producers, and the lessees of the theatres in which they were presented, close to \$1,250,000. And of the thirty-eight plays catalogued as successes, no more than a dozen may properly be called real hits.

By a real hit we refer to the play that can be depended upon, following its



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New York experiences, to carry its reputation with it into the country, there to perform the interesting and profitable feat known as "cleaning up."

With twelve hits taken away from the thirty-eight successes, there are twenty-six plays left each with no more than a fair profit to its credit. Twenty-six money makers, that is, out of 108 plays produced. And even with that record we close our eagle eye to the plays that are kept on Broadway for the benefit of the advertising—the forced successes. However, these may properly enough be held over as representing invested capital. They may go out next season and not only make back the money they have so far cost, but show a fair sort of two-season profit in the spring of 1914. Many an emaciated and neglected theatrical babe of Broadway has grown strong and vigorous in the fresh air of the West and South. Margaret Illington's "Kindling" to take one example, drooped pathetically on Broadway last season, and made \$40,000 on the road before it quit for the summer.

But there are a great many others that do not have this experience, and if there are many failures in the theatrical capital it usually follows that there are a proportionately large number of failures on the road.

THEATRE RENTALS ON BROADWAY

ON the advice of a statistician who controls the destinies and booking arrangements of three Broadway theatres, and has a finger in the affairs of two others, we have figured the average losses of the eighty-two plays that failed on Broadway at \$15,000 each. This may reasonably be considered a conservative estimate, for while many dramatic offerings may escape with a loss of \$6,000, \$8,000, or \$10,000, there probably never has been a musical comedy failure that totaled less than \$30,000, and \$50,000 is a much more common figure. Theatrical speculation is about as costly as any in which a man may indulge.

For instance: The average annual rental of a New York theatre of the first class is \$45,000. There are several that cost more—the New York Theatre, for one. This property, recently turned into a sort of indoor Coney Island in an effort to make it pay, is listed at \$100,000 annual rental. It costs George Cohan \$60,000 a year in rent to keep his name above the door of the Cohan Theatre. The Broadway Theatre, at Forty-first Street, is another expensive bit of theatrical property. It costs the Shuberts and Lew Fields approximately \$80,000 a year. Even the Garrick, which is as far out of the way as Thirty-fifth Street, rents for \$32,500.

With the average placed at \$45,000, then, it means that \$1,300 a week is charged off for the thirty-five weeks of the playing season to pay the rent. Some theatres charge their annual expenses against thirty-two weeks instead of thirty-five, which increases the percentage. Other house expenses will add at least \$1,500 a week to the \$1,300. It costs therefore \$2,800 a week to maintain the most economically conducted playhouse in New York, and \$3,000 would be a fairer figure.

When a theatrical attraction opens in New York, whether it come in from the road, or open "cold," as they say when there are no "dog" performances out of town, it plays, usually, on an equal division of the receipts—50 per cent to the attraction, 50 per cent to the house. This is the invariable rate if the attraction is dramatic, if musical there frequently is a sliding scale—60 per cent to the attraction and 40 per cent to the theatre on all receipts up to \$7,500; the division being 65 and 35 per cent on all receipts above that sum.

HARD-LUCK STORIES

SO, whether you are good at figures or not, with half an eye you can see that in order to break even on the season the theatre must play to average weekly receipts of not less than \$6,000, and that when less than that sum comes in at the box office window hope flutters painfully out the door and stands shivering under the awning.

A majority of booking contracts, in fact, read that any attraction failing to attract \$6,000 a week for two consecutive weeks may be given its two weeks notice to depart.

Now, then, as an illustration of just how much this particular season has played hob with statistics and records, let me tell you that many a Broadway

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success so-called has played, week after week, not only to less than \$6,000 a week, but to as low as \$3,000 and \$2,800. One I know of went to \$1,800. And no one of these was put out for the very excellent reason that there was nothing better to put in.

Many of the failures were picturesque. Can you believe that in one of the most firmly established of Broadway theatres, the attraction being a new play by an author whose previous work entitled him to serious consideration, and the cast headed by two stars of reputation, the receipts for the second Monday of the engagement were \$100 gross? Fact.

The manager of another theatre stopped at his box office. I stood in the lobby near by. It was five o'clock in the afternoon and the weather was perfect for theatergoing. This conversation floated my way:

"What's your sale?"

"About one fifty."

"What does that mean?"

"We'll get another hundred; perhaps two."

The attraction was a woman star as prominent as any the American stage boasts, and her play this season has been an accredited success, not only in New York but en tour. Yet she was playing to receipts of \$300 a night in pleasant weather!

Similar stories could be told of practically every Broadway theatre. One, the books of which I have seen, had \$36 in the house when the curtain was raised on a new comedy, the cast headed by a star known favorably the country over.

AMERICAN AUTHORS THE WINNERS

HERE in conclusion is a point of comparison that is interesting and worth while. American authors and adapters were responsible for 70 of the 120 productions made in New York, and drew royalties, too, for 23 of the 38 plays we have conceded to have been money makers. Which indicates that, such as it is, we are developing a native talent for dramatic writing, and that managers are depending less and less on foreign importations.

Also no more than 29 of the 120 plays produced were musical—a further refutation of the statement that Broadway cares nothing for the drama, and had rather turkey trot with *Lucullus* than read with Aristotle or Bayard Veiller.

Ten of the 120 were melodramas of the thriller type at which patrons of the first-class theatres would have sniffed a half-dozen years ago. Eleven were "crook plays." And four were fairy plays for children.

COLLIER'S The National Weekly

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Robert J. Collier, President
E. C. Patterson, Vice President
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J. G. Jarrett, Treasurer
Charles E. Miner, Secretary
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Advertising Department

416 West Thirteenth Street
New York City

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The Kind of Advertising that Benefits Both Buyer and Seller

SOMETIMES ago I quoted from the advertising of Maurice L. Rothschild, whom I called a striking instance of the modern *merchant*, as contrasted with the old-fashioned *dealer*.

Mr. Rothschild has built up three great specialty clothing stores in fewer years than it takes some people to get started in cities like Chicago, Minneapolis, and St. Paul. Men like him succeed everywhere.

Read this advertisement from the morning paper:

"You may know that a number of States have already passed a law making it illegal to issue, in any form, any advertisement which is dishonest or misleading. Such a bill is now pending in a number of State legislatures. It will be a good thing in Illinois.

"Only poor merchandise or service needs to be lied about. The best way to avoid misleading the public in advertising is to avoid dishonest merchandise. Our advertising is intended merely to make known the facts about us and our goods, as we know the facts. Its value to us depends on its value to you; its purpose is to convince, not to persuade. We don't want persuaded customers.

"We mean to tell the truth about our store, our methods of business, our spirit of service, our merchandise; there's no reason why we should do anything else; the truth is enough.

"The truth shall make you free" said the Great Teacher, knowing that what men most want in this world is to be free. A lie in advertising, or in merchandise, is not freedom; it is bondage; it hinders instead of helps; it imposes restrictions which grow narrower as time passes.

"We want to be free in this business; we want our customers to be free. We want you free to buy what you choose, or free to leave it; free to come and get your money back if you'd rather have it than the goods. We're here to be of whatever service we can; it's the surest way to growth and profit."

Do you wonder that the people of these cities find that his advertising pays *them* as well as him?

A. C. G. Hammesfahr.

Manager Advertising Department

No. 116

LEE TIRES

First,
an absolute
money-back guarantee
of "no punctures." You
can't get that on any pneu-
matic tire except the

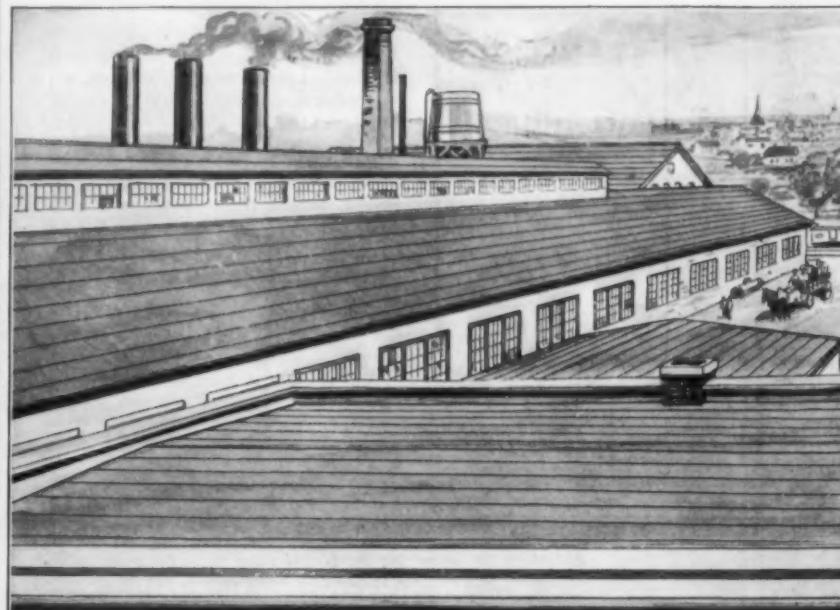
LEE Puncture-Proof PNEUMATIC TIRE

Second, increased mileage due to the
reinforcing value of our unique con-
struction. Proved by experience.
One user reports 6026 miles per tire
average on 140 tires, without a single
puncture or inner-tube replacement.

Write for Booklet "D," and full data, now—
before your puncture troubles start.

Distributors: 835 Seventh Ave., New York City; 1241 Michigan Ave., Chicago; 334 N. Broad St., Philadelphia; Grand & Lindell Blvds., St. Louis; 10 Park Square, Boston; 201 Wood St., Pittsburgh; 801 Main St., Cincinnati; 405 E St., N. W., Washington, D. C.; 622 Third Ave., South, Minneapolis; 609 Cove St., Norfolk, Va.; 715 Commerce St., Fort Worth, Texas; 512 Franklin Ave., Waco, Texas; Cor. Ave. C & Travis, San Antonio, Texas; Garden City, N. Y.
Pacific Coast: Chandler & Lyon Co., San Francisco, Los Angeles, Fresno, Spokane, Seattle and Portland, Ore.

LEE TIRE & RUBBER CO.
Albany Lee, Pa. CONSHOHOCKEN, PA.



"My son, that **Certain-teed** Roofing is guaranteed for fifteen years

"That's a long time—you will be the head of this business before then.

"I have made my success by keeping just a step ahead of the times—by being willing to investigate and adopt the newest and the best.

"Before I finally decided, I investigated and found that I could save money by using **Certain-teed** Roofing and at the same time get the maximum durability. This is the roofing that is rapidly replacing other roofing materials—not only on factories and industrial plants, but for residences, bungalows, garages, apartment buildings and skyscrapers."

Certain-teed Roofing

In Rolls and Shingles

*There is a simple method of applying **Certain-teed** Roofing on any kind of a building*

Certain-teed Specification Roofing for skyscrapers and apartment buildings—a simple method of laying a built-up roof on large surfaces where conditions are unusually severe and the greatest durability is absolutely necessary.

Illustrated specifications and directions furnished free upon application to architects, roofers, contractors or anyone interested.

Certain-teed Shingles for bungalows and residences—made in permanent colors—red, green and slate gray—an exceptionally attractive roof where artistic effect is desired. **Certain-teed** Shingles have all the beauty of slate, tile and stained wood shingles, but cost less and are less expensive to lay—account of overlapping you get an extra thickness and greater durability. Come in convenient crates.



General Roofing
The World's Largest Manufacturer of
Roofing and Building Papers

Certain-teed Roofing in rolls for residences, factories and farm buildings—costs less than metal, tin or wood shingles, is less expensive to lay. Just as a man with a six-room cottage has found he can save considerable money by using **Certain-teed** Roofing, so will you find it the most economical roofing on garages, barns and all kinds of farm buildings.

You will find many valuable suggestions in our new book, "**Modern Building Ideas and Plans**." It tells you what to do and what not to do—it suggests economies and conveniences that will save you money.

A book of this kind would ordinarily sell for \$1—but as it shows the use of our **Certain-teed** Roofing on all kinds of model homes and farm buildings, we offer to send it to you upon receipt of 25c to cover cost, postage and mailing. If not satisfied this book is worth far more than 25c to you, we'll gladly refund money.

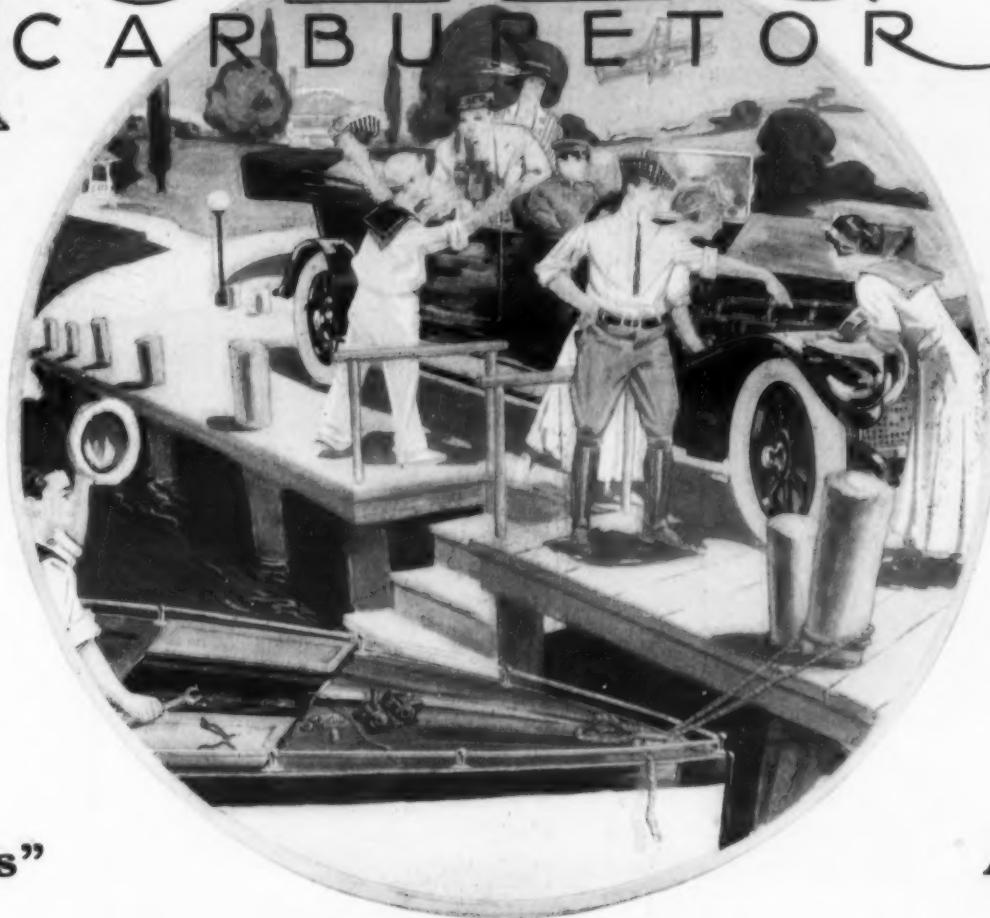


Certain-teed Roofing is guaranteed to wear fifteen years by the

General Roofing Manufacturing Company

E. St. Louis, Ill. York, Pa. Marseilles, Ill. Memphis Minneapolis San Francisco
Winnipeg, Canada London, England Hamburg, Germany

HOLLEY CARBURETORY



**"No
Moving
Parts"**

**"Only
One
Adjustment"**

At Last! The "No-Moving-Parts" Carburetor—The "Self-Adjusting" Holley!

This is the new carburetor that all engineers are talking about—that has taken the automobile world by storm.

Two years ahead of its time—in design, it is so revolutionary that it makes all other carburetors old-fashioned and out of date.

Entirely eliminates *springs, delicate valves, balls, cams*

and other *sensitive devices*, which are *hard to adjust* and which *get out of order easily*.

Will decrease your gasoline expenses. So economical that it will pay for itself in 5000 miles. Operates automatically according to a law of hydraulics which we have succeeded in putting into practical use.

Over one-half the gasoline cars manufactured in the United States during 1913 will be equipped with the new self-adjusting Holley Carburetor. Over 150,000 already sold and in use. 1000 now being made and shipped daily.

What is a Carburetor?

A carburetor is a device by means of which gasoline and air are automatically mixed in correct proportions to produce a mixture which will explode in the cylinders of the modern so-called gasoline or internal combustion engine now used as a power plant in automobiles, motor boats and aeroplanes.

As the explosive quality of the mixture determines the power of the motor, you can see the enormous value that a perfect carburetor of high efficiency has.

Heretofore, the method of regulating the relative amounts of air and gasoline has been by means of delicate valves, springs, balls or cams.

Just as in scales and other accurate weighing devices, engineers have been working to eliminate springs and other unsatisfactory mechanical methods of measuring, so automobile engineers have been racking their brains for a logical solution of the carburetor problem.

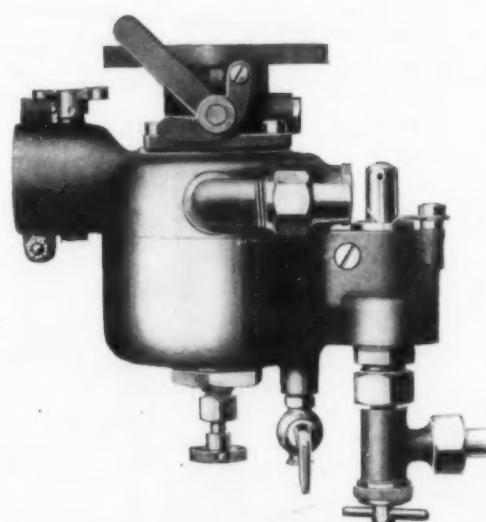
George M. Holley has solved it!

The Holley carburetor has *no moving parts* and *only one adjustment*—a desirable one—the gasoline needle valve.

The new self-adjusting Holley is the mature issue of 12 years of carburetor manufacture.

Tests made in competition with over 32 of the old-fashioned spring types show much greater horsepower and a decided decrease in fuel consumption.

The new "no-moving-parts" Holley, therefore, offers the logical method of cutting down your gasoline bill.



Fully Guaranteed

Regardless of price or type, we guarantee the new self-adjusting Holley on points of easy starting, running idle, acceleration, speed, economy, general nicety of operation, taken individually or collectively, to perform better than any other carburetor or carburetors on the market at this time.

If it does not do all that we say it will, you may return it to us any time within 30 days after date of sale and receive your money back.

Why Its First Cost is Slightly Greater Than That of Any Other Carburetor

It is practically impossible to obtain satisfactory results from a carburetor using the present grades of gasoline unless the air is partly heated and unless there is some means of regulating the temperature of this air.

Furthermore, it is almost impossible to start the motor during cold weather unless some form of temperature regulator is used in connection with the carburetor proper.

Because it is fully equipped with temperature regulator and necessary connections, its first cost is more than that of any other carburetor on the market, but its increased horsepower results and its great economy more than offset this increased first cost.

It is particularly efficient in winter and will start the motor at the second turn of the crank and keep it going.

It will accommodate itself to all speeds and all air pressures with equal facility. You can put it on your car and forget it.

Made in All Sizes

The new, self-adjusting Holley carburetors are made in all sizes to fit all kinds of automobile, marine and aeroplane engines as well as motorcycles.

Write for prices and further information.

If you have a car which has been in use for several seasons, equipped with an old-fashioned spring valve carburetor, take it to your garage man and have him equip it with a new, self-adjusting carburetor. The saving in gasoline alone will pay for it in a few months.

HOLLEY BROTHERS COMPANY, 131-141 Rowena St., Detroit

AUTOMOBILE SUPPLY CO., 1335 Michigan Blvd., Chicago, Ill.

OMAHA RUBBER CO., Omaha, Neb.

FOREIGN BRANCH: Holley Bros. Co., Coventry, England

New York City, 924 Eighth Avenue
Between 54th and 55th Streets
New York City, 2782 Broadway
Between 107th and 108th Streets

Holley Carburetors are carried in stock at the following CHAS. E. MILLER Stores, New York City, 97-103 Reade Street and 121 Chambers Street
Brooklyn, N. Y., 1421 Bedford Avenue
Buffalo, N. Y., 824 Main Street
Albany, N. Y., 135 Central Avenue
Boston, Mass., 202-204 Columbus Avenue
Springfield, Mass., Bridge and Dwight Sts.
Hartford, Conn., 274 Trumbull Street

Detroit, Mich., 227-229 Jefferson Ave.
Cleveland, Ohio, 1829 Euclid Avenue
Philadelphia, Pa., 318 North Broad St.

Atlanta, Ga., 66 Edgewood Avenue
New Orleans, La., 601-603 Baronne St.
Newark, N. J., 274 Halsey Street

Is this your little girl?



The famous Kellogg flavor makes Kellogg's Toasted Wheat Biscuit good enough to be eaten alone—as toast or bread. It's whole wheat, ground, shredded in an improved way and toasted through and through—a compact, all-food biscuit containing no moisture and cheaper than baker's bread. Served at breakfast with milk, cream or fruit, it's delightful. Meat is not more nourishing.

**4c Postage Brings
a Sample FREE**

That you may try this new biscuit and learn how good it is, we will send a sample free for 4c to pay for mailing.

KELLOGG TOASTED
CORN FLAKE CO.
Battle Creek
Michigan



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